

ALL IN COLOUR—MAKES LEARNING A JOY

# Once Upon a Time

Annual  
1970

















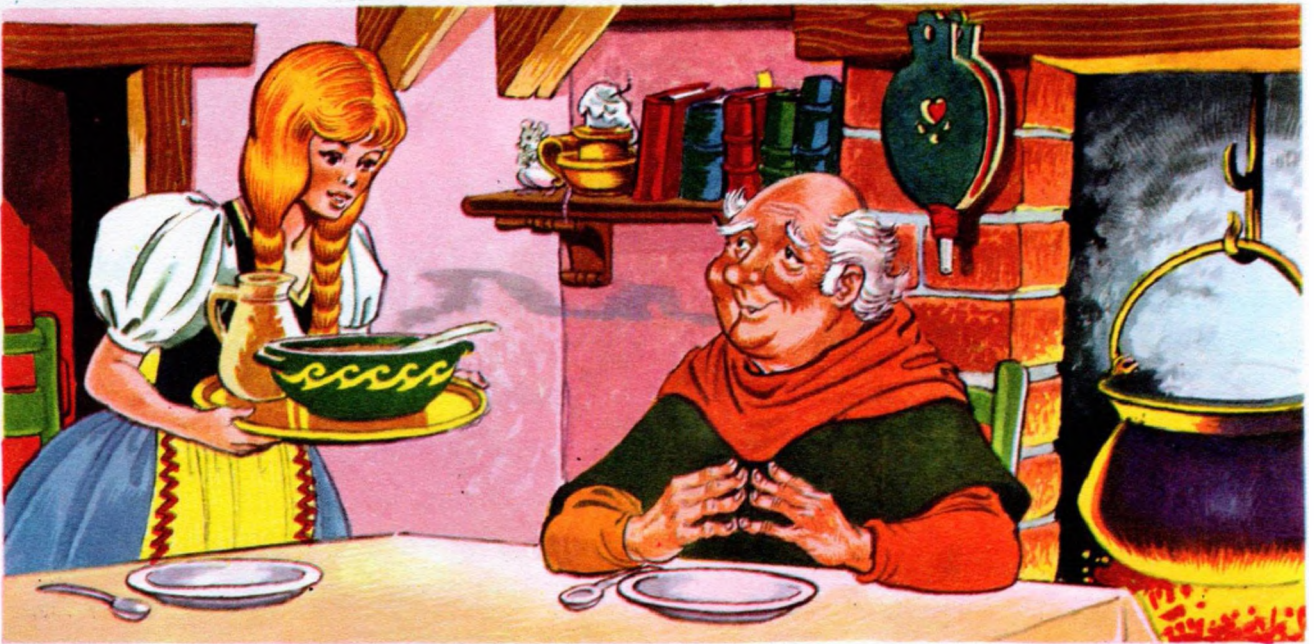
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# Rumpelstiltskin



1. There was once a miller, and although he worked hard all day grinding corn into flour, and although he made very *good* flour, he never seemed to make very much money. But despite his lack of money the miller was a happy man.

2. The miller's life was made nappy by reason of his daughter, Anna. Not only was Anna beautiful, she was a wonderful cook and house keeper, and to the proud miller there seemed nothing his lovely daughter could not do.



3. Because he was such a good miller the miller's flour was used in the Royal Bakeries. One day, as the miller was delivering flour to the Royal Palace he heard several courtiers praising their daughters to the handsome King.

4. "No-where in the land is there a girl with so fair a face as my daughter," claimed one. Boasted another: "My daughter is so witty!" "And mine so sweet-natured," claimed another. And so the proud talk went on.





5. At last the miller could bear it no longer. "Begging your majesty's pardon," he ventured. "But I have a daughter who is quite beyond compare! There is nothing she cannot do." The courtiers scowled but the king smiled.

6. "Name me one remarkable thing your daughter can do," the king said. Now the miller fell silent. Then, with the sneering eyes of the courtiers upon him he felt he must say something. "She — she can spin straw into gold!" he claimed.

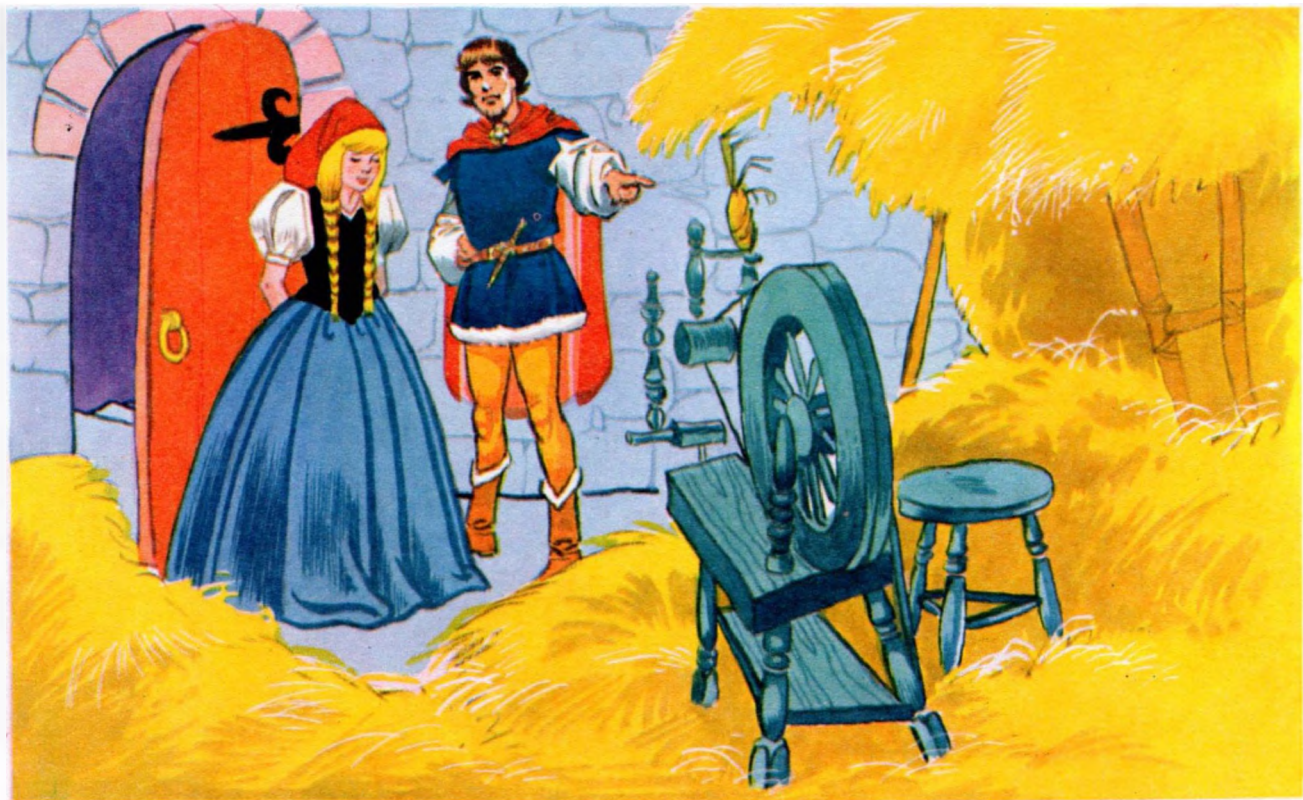


7. As soon as the words were out the miller realised how foolish he had been. But it was too late. "I should like to see this daughter of yours," said the king. "Tell her to come to the palace tomorrow."



8. Unhappily the miller made his way home and told his lovely daughter what he had done. Poor Anna wrung her hands in despair. "But father. No-one can spin straw into gold," she cried. "What am I going to do?"





9. Anna dared not disobey the king's command and so the following day she presented herself at the Royal Palace. The king took her to an attic room which contained a great pile of straw and a spinning wheel.

10. "I shall return this evening," he said. "And I shall expect to find all this straw spun into gold." Anna stood sadly silent, for she knew that to tell the truth would bring the king's wrath down upon her father's head.



11. The king went out and Anna could hold back her tears no longer. "What can I do?" she sobbed, knowing that when the king returned to find no gold she would be punished.



12. "I will help you," said a voice. And Anna looked up to see a strange little man. "How — how did you get in here?" asked Anna. "Never mind how I got in here, if I do the spinning what will you give me?" the dwarf demanded.





13. "My — my scarf," promised Anna. The little dwarf nodded and sat at the spinning wheel. Then he began to spin, and to Anna's astonishment she saw that he was spinning the straw into a thread of shining gold.



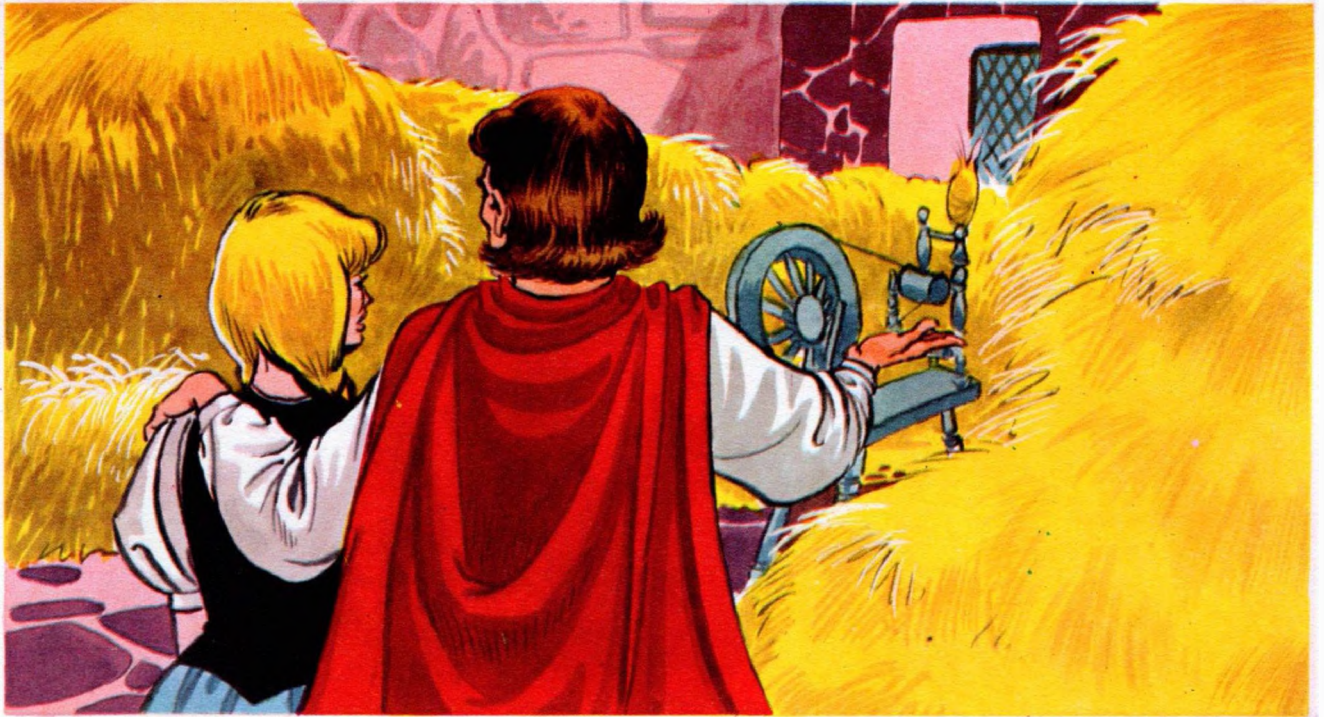
14. Soon all the straw was pure gold thread. Gratefully Anna slipped her scarf from her head and gave it to the dwarf. "Thank-you, thank-you!" she whispered. The dwarf took the scarf and disappeared.



15. When the king returned and found that all the straw had been spun into gold he was so delighted that he ordered a ball to be held in the palace. "Everyone must sing and celebrate this great day!" he commanded.

16. The finest of food was prepared by the royal chefs, the royal musicians played and the king danced almost every dance with Anna. Anna thought him the most handsome man she had ever seen.





17. Anna slept that night in a beautiful bedroom in the palace. She knew she had fallen in love with the king and as she lay asleep between silken sheets she dreamt that he loved her, too, and wished to make her his queen.

18. But Anna's happiness was soon over. For the next morning the king took her to another room filled with straw. "By this evening you are to spin all this straw into gold," he told her. Poor Anna felt her heart sink in despair.



19. No sooner had the king gone than the strange dwarf appeared as mysteriously as he had done the day before. "If I spin the straw into gold what will you give me?" he asked. "My — my ring," answered Anna.



20. Once again the dwarf seated himself before the spinning wheel. Faster and faster the wheel turned and before Anna's wondering eyes the great heap of straw was turned into shimmering gold thread. "O, thank-you!" Anna breathed.





21. When the king returned that evening the dwarf had gone and in place of the straw he saw the bobbins of pure gold thread. Filled with delight he ordered everyone to assemble in the great hall of the palace.

22. "I want you all to know that Anna is to be my wife and share my throne!" he announced. Then, as the lords and ladies of the court waved their hands and cheered, the king took Anna's hand and gently kissed her.



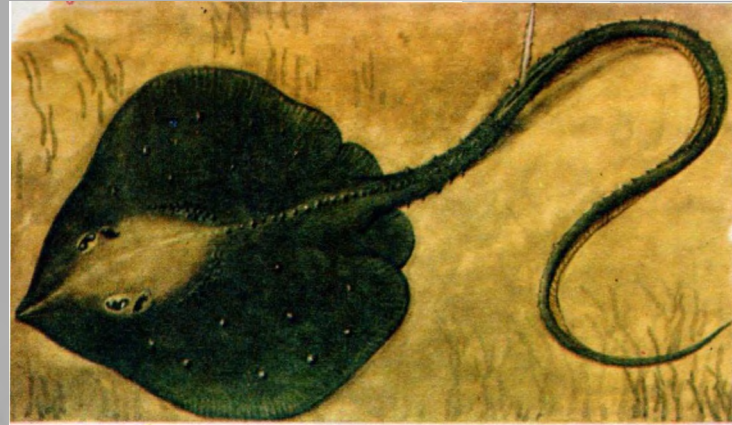
23. But the next morning the king led Anna into yet a third room filled with straw. "There is one last task for you to perform before we are married," he told her. "Spin this straw into gold, and I shall never ask you to do so again."



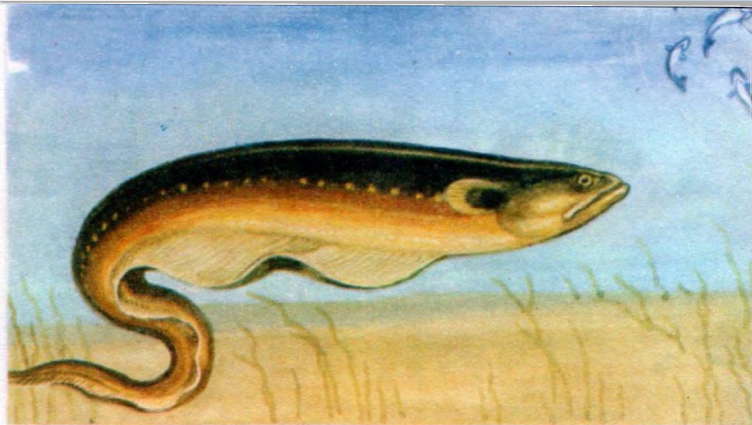
24. Left alone Anna wept as though her heart must break. "If I tell the king the truth he may no longer wish to marry me," she sobbed. "What am I to do?"

(Continued on page 84)





1. Here is a very nasty fish. It is called a whip-tailed sting ray, because of its seven to eight inches tail which it uses as a weapon. It is to be found in tropical seas.

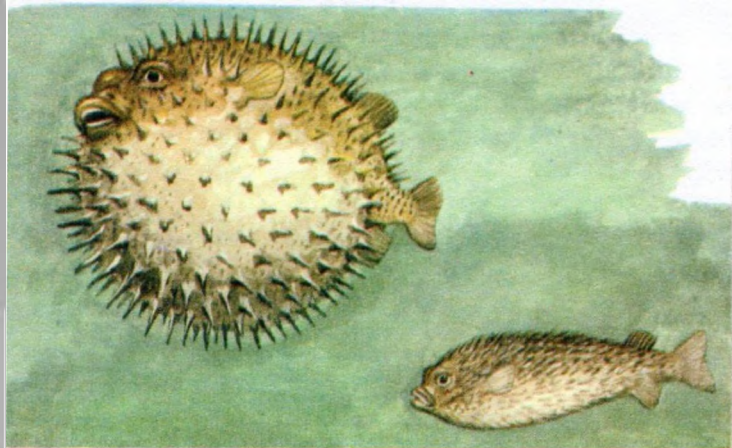


2. Another dangerous fish is the electric eel, found in the rivers and lagoons of Brazil. It grows to a length of six feet, and gives off an electric shock.



There are all sorts of fishes in the oceans of the world. There are big fishes and little fishes and pretty fishes, fierce fishes and friendly fishes.

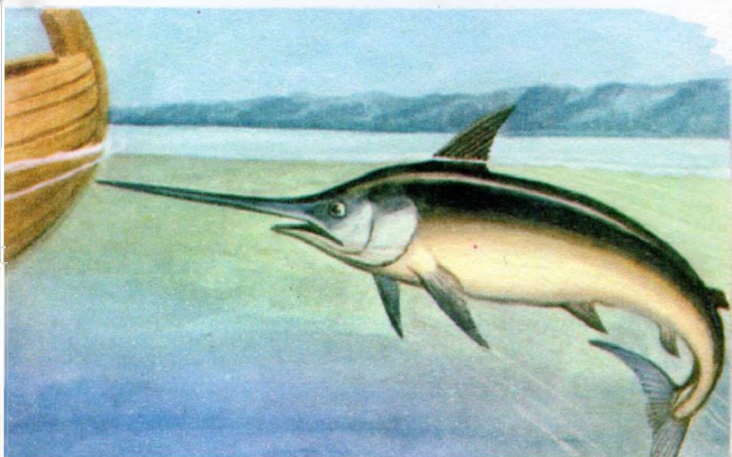
# All Sorts



3. The globe fish, or 'puffer,' can puff itself out with air like a balloon. It is difficult for a hungry sea creature to swallow a puffer when it is blown up.



4. Here is a sea-horse. It has a head very much like that of a horse, and is clad from the tip of its snout to the tip of its tail in a scaly armour.



5. The sword-fish grows to a length of twenty feet and will attack small boats with its pointed sword.

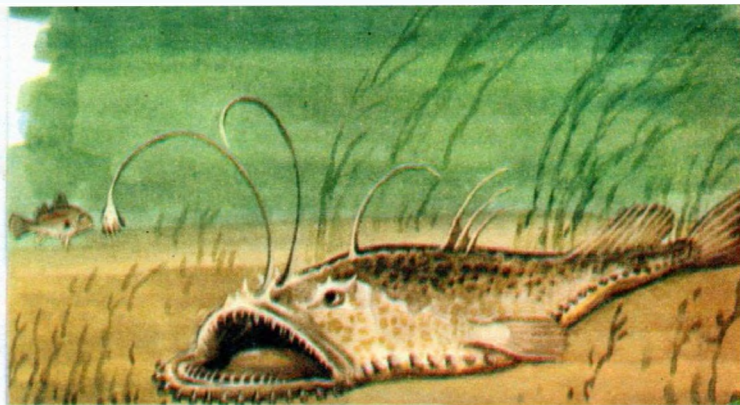


6. The devil-fish found on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America, looks frightening but is really quite harmless.



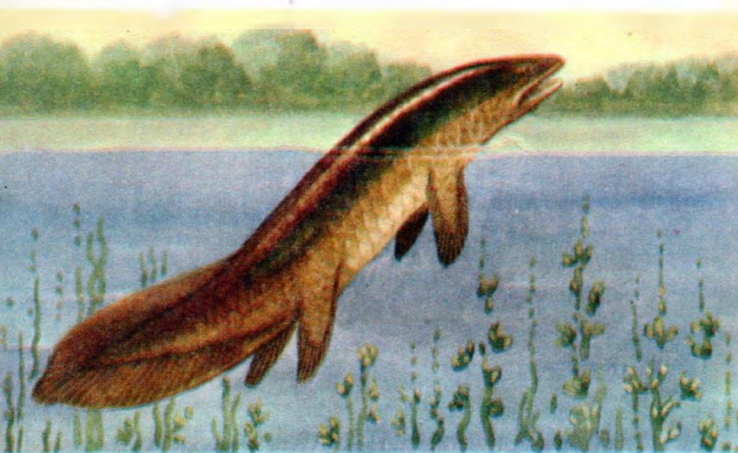


7. The walking-fish of the Burma rivers spend most of their time on mud banks near the river bank. When startled they hop inland and climb trees.

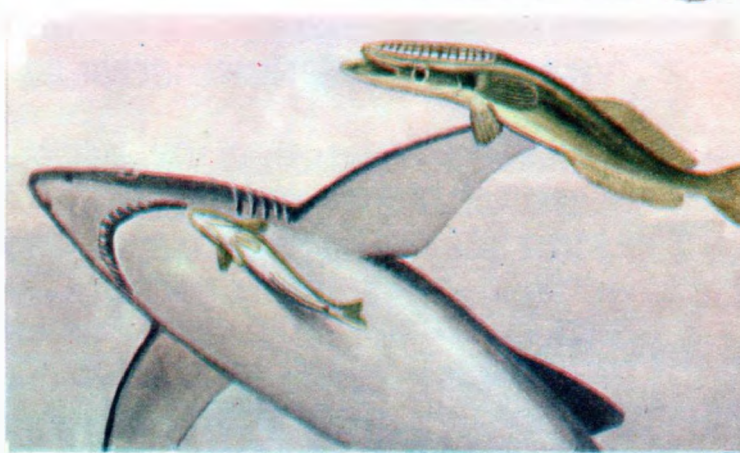


8. The angler-fish, found all over the world, never has to search for other fish to eat. It merely lies on the ocean bed and waves its line until a fish is attracted towards it.

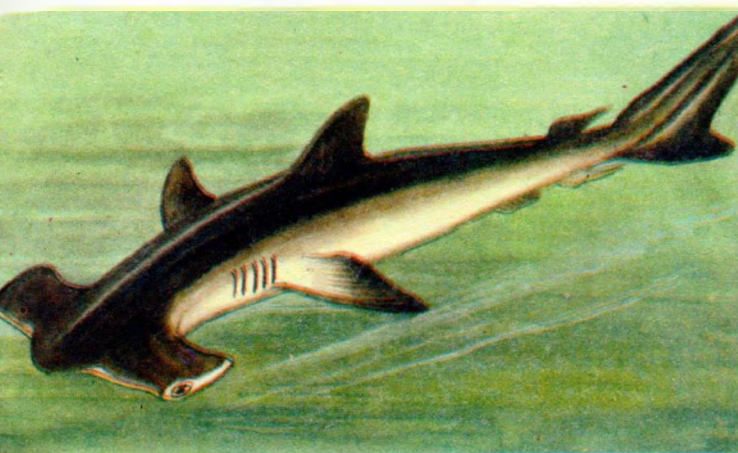
# of Strange Fishes



9. This is an Australian lung-fish. Although it can breathe under water through its gills, it really breathes with its lungs. It rises to the surface every now and then for air.



10. The lazy sucking fish uses the suckers on its back to attach itself to a large fish like a shark, which will give it a free ride.



11. This is a hammer head shark, and as you can see it really does have a head which looks like a hammer.



12. Of all the deep sea monsters, none is more frightening to look at than this long armed giant called an octopus.





# THE TOWN MOUSE

## AND THE Country Mouse

Rex the Wrecker and the football match.  
By Barbara Hayes.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. One was called Stephanie and lived in the town. The other mouse was called Winifred and lived in the country. This story is about Winifred the country mouse.

WHAM! Splinter! Splinter!

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! SQUEEE-ELCH!

"Bless my bedsocks! Whatever is that?" gasped Winifred one afternoon, leaping up from where she was doing her knitting by her cosy fireside.

But really before she asked the question, Winifred knew the answer.

All those whams and splinters and crunches and crashes and clatters could mean only one thing.

Rex the Wrecker had arrived.

You see Winifred had a little neighbour named Rex. Rex the Wrecker he was called because he seemed to break everything he touched.

Sometimes it seemed that Rex only had to *look* at things to break them.

And if Rex broke things when he was trying to be *good*, you can imagine what happened when he was

trying to be *naughty*. Just nothing was safe from him at all.

The —WHAM! Splinter! Splinter!— that Winifred had heard had been Rex slamming her garden gate and breaking it into little pieces of wood.

The — CRUNCH! CRUNCH! SQUEEEELCH! — had been Rex walking up the garden path and then stepping on the flowers in the flower beds and squashing them flat.

And last of all the — CRASH! Clatter! Clatter! Clatter! had been





Rex knocking so hard on the front door that he had broken the glass.

"Hallo-allo-allo!" grinned Rex the Wrecker stepping in through the front door and knocking a vase of flowers off the hall table. "How are you this afternoon, Miss Winnie?"

"All right up till now," sighed Winifred, starting to put right the damage that Rex had done.

Then she asked, "Why have you come round, Rex?" And she added anxiously, "Will you be staying long?"

Rex sat down in a chair. "Well—" he said — CRASH! — the crash was Rex tipping the chair over backwards — "I came in to ask the time of Bertie's football match this afternoon." BONK! Bumpity-umpity-umpity!

The bonk was Rex knocking the wooden fruit bowl from the table — and the Bumpity-umpity-umpities — were the apples rolling all over the floor.

"Why the football match starts at half past two," said Winifred, "Are you going to watch then, Rex?"

And when Rex said "Yes!" Winifred's heart sank.

You see Bertie was Winifred's boyfriend and when he had an afternoon off from working on the farm, he liked to play football with the other village lads.

This week they were playing a match against the farm workers from the next village.

"If that Rex the Wrecker goes to watch the football match, he is sure to spoil everything for both teams *and* for the people who are watching

as well," thought Winifred to herself, "I must go and warn Bertie."

So as soon as Rex had gone out through the back garden — SNAP Flutter! Flutter! Splash! — that was Rex breaking the clothes line and Winnie's washing fluttering into the stream — and Winifred had put right all the wrecking that Rex had done, Winifred hurried to the football ground.

"I know that Bertie will be at the football ground painting the white lines ready for the game," puffed Winifred, "perhaps he can think of some way to stop Rex the Wrecker from spoiling the football match."

Now Bertie was a goodhearted fellow, but not even his best friends tried to pretend that he was very *clever*.

When Winifred told him about Rex coming to the football match, Bertie thought and he thought again, but somehow nothing even slightly like an idea would pop into his head.

And even as Winifred spoke to Bertie they heard in the distance the BOUNCE BOUNCE CRAAAAAAAASH! of Rex kicking a melon from outside the greengrocer's shop, playing football with it, and then breaking the greengrocer's window as he tried to kick the melon back again.

Rex the Wrecker was *really* living up to his name that afternoon.

Luckily, just as Rex arrived at the football field, Bertie had an idea.

"Hallo, Rex," said Bertie, taking hold of Rex and holding him quite still, so that he couldn't touch or



break anything. "Have you come to watch the football match then?"

"Yes!" said Rex, trying to wriggle free. He hadn't broken anything for quite three minutes and he was beginning to feel dull.

"Then I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed, my lad," smiled Bertie, "you see I've left the football at home. The football is all the way over at my house down in my garden shed, mixed up with some pots and tins."

Now Rex the Wrecker was quite a fast runner. He *had* to be to escape from all the people whose windows he broke.

So Rex said, "Don't worry, I'll go and fetch the football. I'll be back in no time and you will be able to start the football match just as you planned."

Bertie let go of Rex and watched him run away up the long lane that led to Bertie's house.

"I hope you haven't been telling any lies," said Winifred, "You shouldn't tell lies even to get rid of Rex the Wrecker, you know."

"I didn't tell any lies," said Bertie, "I *have* left a football in my garden shed. But I just *forgot* to tell Rex that I have a spare football with me. So while Master Rex is looking for the other football, we shall be able to have our game in peace."

Winifred was rather impatient, when she heard that.

"Don't be silly," she said, "A fast runner like Rex will be at your house and back again in no time."

"Rex may reach my house in no time," smiled Bertie, "but it will be

a very long time before he is back again. You see in my garden shed, as well as the football are those pots and tins I was talking about and as well as that there are some old ropes. Now knowing Rex, he is sure to knock over the pots and tins, isn't he?"

"Yes, he certainly is," agreed Winifred.

"Well, in those pots and tins is lots of glue that I use for my woodwork, so knowing Rex, he is sure to get himself covered with glue, then he is sure to trip over the ropes and by the time he has got himself glued up to the ropes and then got himself unglued again, our football match will be over."

And that is exactly what happened.

Bertie and the others played their football match in peace and when it was over they all went round and with the help of a bowl of soapy water they got Rex unstuck from the glue and the ropes.

"If I didn't know you were so stupid, I would think that you *planned* to get me stuck up like that," said Rex to Bertie.

But then Winifred gave them all some of her home made cakes and the afternoon ended happily.

**What is the largest ant in the world?**

**Answer:** The eleph-ant.

**What is the longest word?**

**Answer:** The word "smiles" because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

**What is the difference between a hill and a pill?**

**Answer:** One takes a lot of getting up, the other takes a lot of getting down.







# The Foolish Princess

ONCE upon a time there was a pretty young queen who was the wife of a handsome king.

When it became known that a baby son had been born to them everyone in the land was quite certain that the baby must be a lovely child.

But in the Royal Palace the queen was in despair for even to her eyes it was clear that her son was the ugliest of children.

But one day, just as the queen was unhappily wondering what kind of man the young prince would grow into, a fairy appeared.

"Do not distress yourself, O queen," the fairy said gently. "For although your son is plain he will grow up to be as clever and as witty as anyone in the land. And what is more, he will have the power to bestow intelligence upon the one he loves the most."

Now it so happened that a few years later the queen of a nearby kingdom gave birth to twin daughters. The first was so beautiful that the queen was delighted, but the same fairy as before warned her not to rejoice too much as the girl would be neither intelligent nor



witty. When the queen saw the plain features of the second twin tears came to her eyes. But the fairy consoled her by telling her that the child would grow into a clever talented girl.

As the years passed people admired the beautiful princess, but they preferred to spend their time with her plain sister for she always had something interesting to say.

"Oh, how I wish that I had been born clever," the beautiful princess would sigh unhappily.

Because she knew that she was so stupid the beautiful princess was afraid to speak to people and she would walk alone for hours in the forest.

But in the forest one day as she was weeping miserably she met a



prince. Quite forgetting her manners she stared at him, for he was by far the ugliest man she had ever seen. Although she did not know it, this was Prince Richard, the ugly child who had been born a few years before her.

As for Prince Richard, he was so struck by the girl's beauty that he fell in love with her on the spot.

"I have heard of you. You must be the Princess Cheryl," he said. "But why those tears? No-one as lovely as you are should ever be unhappy."

Between her sobs Princess Cheryl explained that she was crying because she was so foolish.

"I would rather be as ugly as you, rather than be the fool I am," she went on.

"Marry me, and I will endow you with all the wisdom you desire," said Prince Richard eagerly.

Poor Princess Cheryl was so stupid she did not know what to say and the prince took her silence for doubt.

"I can understand your hesitation," he told her gently. "So I shall not ask you to marry me immediately. The wedding shall take place a year from today."

To this the Princess agreed and when she returned to her home everyone at the Palace was astounded at the change in her.

No longer did she blush and stammer. Instead she was able to speak brilliantly and before long the king began to ask her advice on affairs of state.

Now that she was both witty and beautiful many princes came to beg her hand in marriage but she

charmingly refused them all. After a year had passed she had completely forgotten Prince Richard and when a prince approached her who was handsome, clever and wealthy she thought that perhaps she should marry him.

Unable to make up her mind she went into the forest to ponder upon the problem.

As she walked beneath the leafy trees the ground before her suddenly opened up and she saw at her feet a huge kitchen where many cooks were preparing a great feast.

"Who is your master?" she asked wonderingly.

The chief chef looked at her and smiled.

"Why, we work for Prince







Richard," he answered. "The man who is to marry you tomorrow."

Then, at last, Princess Cheryl remembered the promise she had made. And at that moment Prince Richard himself appeared.

"I have spent this past year finding out all the things you like and admire, so that I can provide you with them for the rest of your life after our marriage," he smiled.

Now that she was close to Prince Richard and could see just how ugly he was the word "marriage" made the Princess give a little start.

"Er — please forgive me," she said. "But when I gave you that promise I was just a foolish young girl. Now I have much greater understanding and because of that I realise that choosing a husband is a difficult and important matter."

"I see you have changed your mind

and I know it is because of my ugliness," said Prince Richard, with gentle sadness. "I release you from your promise, because I wish only that you should be happy. If only I were handsome."

Then a strange thing happened.

Before Princess Cheryl's eyes Prince Richard began to change and he became a fine-looking Prince.

"O, but you *are* handsome!" the Princess exclaimed. "And I *do* want to marry you, with all my heart."

Of course the Prince had not really changed. But understanding had come to Princess Cheryl. Now she saw clearly the many fine, qualities that Prince Richard possessed, and seeing them made her blind to his plain features.

And so they were married, to live happy ever after.











## The Grand-daughter of Grey Wolf

This story is a memory test. Read it carefully ( or ask someone to read it to you) and then see if you can answer the questions on page 54.

**N**OT so very long ago the land which we know as the United States of America was very different from what it is today. White settlers were few and it was mostly only the Indians who lived on the vast rolling plains.

It was a hard and dangerous life and because of this whenever a new baby was born all the members of the tribe would hope that it would be a boy baby who would grow up to help to hunt for food or help to fight off fierce animals or other tribes.

And so when old Grey Wolf learned that a child was soon to be born to the wife of his son, Running Horse, he hoped that the child would be a boy.

"Is the new papoose a boy?" Grey Wolf asked his son when the baby was born.

Running Horse shook his head.

"No, my father," he answered. "The papoose is a girl."

Grey Wolf found it hard to hide the disappointment he felt. This was his first grandchild and he had wished so much for a grandson who would grow up to be brave and strong and help his small tribe against all their enemies.

But when Grey Wolf first looked at the child his heart melted. And at that moment he saw a cloud shaped like an eagle.

"The papoose shall be called White Bird," he declared.

It was Grey Wolf who made a carrier for little White Bird so that she could be carried comfortably upon her mother's back. And as the years went by Grey Wolf proudly saw his grand-daughter grow into a laughing, friendly girl and then into a beautiful young maiden.

By this time Grey Wolf was a very old man with stiffened joints which made it difficult for him to walk. But his old age was made more comfortable by the loving care which White Bird gave to him, for the girl had a sweet nature which matched her loveliness.

Then, one day, one of the braves raced into the encampment.

"Laughing Fox and his Apaches are coming!" he cried. "We must go, quickly!"

The Apaches were a fierce tribe of Indians who feared no-one, and the braves of Grey Wolf's small tribe knew that it would be hopeless for them to attempt to stay and fight.

Quickly the whole tribe fled, but not until they reached the hills did White Bird realise that Grey Wolf was not with them.

The braves looked at each other but not one of them would dare return for Grey Wolf and risk facing the Apaches, so White Bird went alone.

Grey Wolf was still in the encampment, unable to run because of his stiff old legs and White Bird reached him just as Laughing Fox, the handsome young Apache Chieftain rode up.

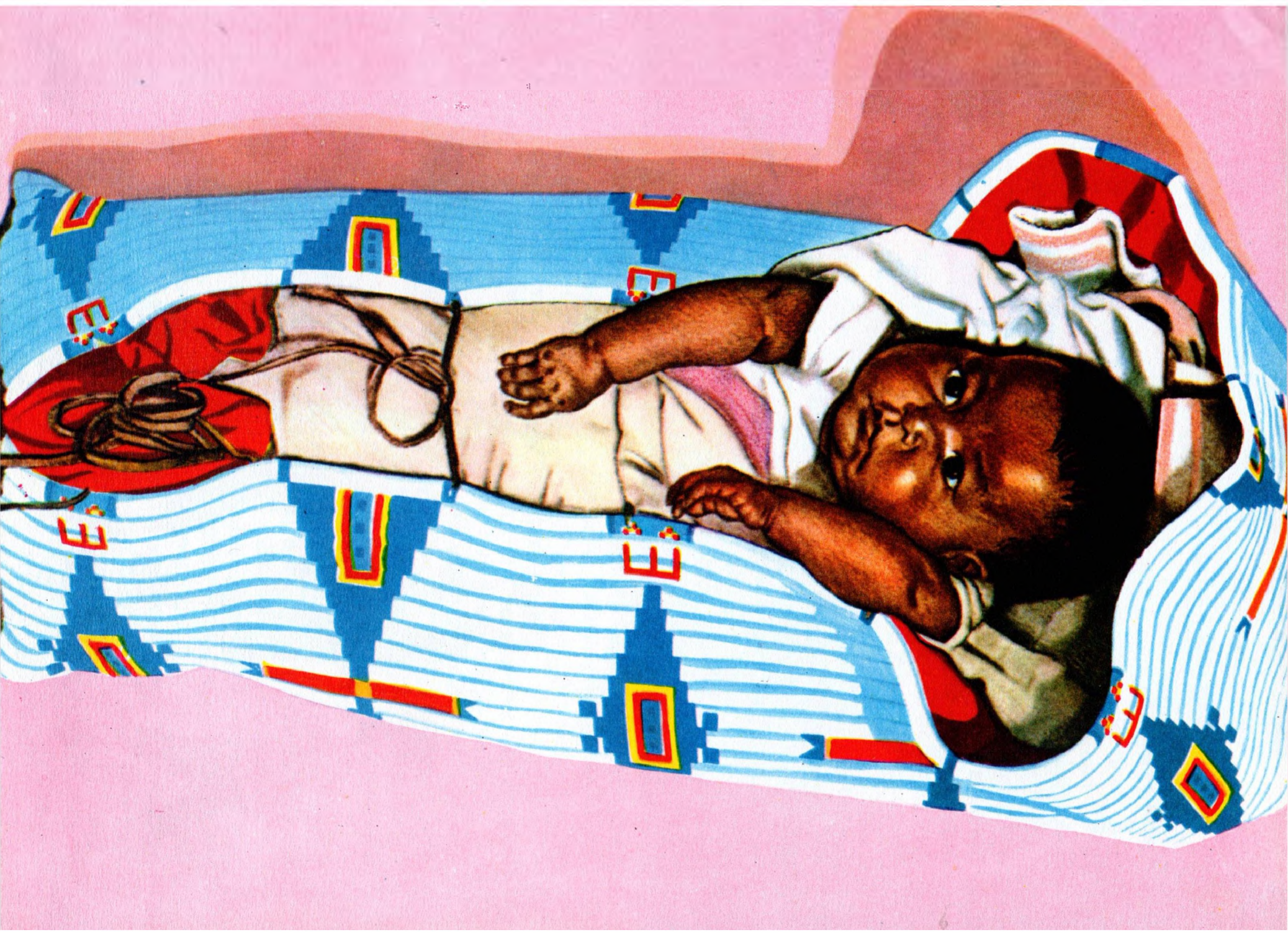
Bravely White Bird stood in front of Grey Wolf to protect him, and Laughing Fox was struck by her courage and her beauty.

"Such a maiden as this is a fitting bride for Laughing Fox!" he said.

White Bird, too, had been impressed by the handsome young Apache and happily agreed to marry him.

From that day on Grey Wolf's tribe was under the protection of Laughing Fox and his Apaches. Never again did they need fear any enemies — thanks to the grand-daughter of Grey Wolf.







## \* Hop-o'-My-Thumb \*

**T**HERE was once a wood-cutter and his wife who lived in a humble cottage at the edge of dark wood.

They had seven children, all boys, and since the eldest of them was only ten none of them was old enough to earn a living. The wood-cutter was very poor and he found it harder and harder to make ends meet.

The youngest son was very small and he was called "Hop-o'-my-thumb" because when he was born he was no bigger than a man's thumb. The rest of the family thought Hop-o'-my-thumb was a simpleton, but he was really the most sensible of all, for he would be listening when all the others were talking.

There came a very bad harvest and the wood-cutter and his wife found themselves so poor that they were at their wits' end.

"We can no longer buy food for our children," said the wood-cutter with an aching heart. "And since I cannot bear to watch them die of hunger I must take them into the wood tomorrow and lose them there."

Hop-o'-my-thumb had heard every word, for he had been hiding beneath the wood-cutter's stool.

The next morning he was up early collecting as many small white pebbles as he could find.

Soon all the family set off together and the wood-cutter led the







way into the very deepest part of the wood, and whilst the children were busy collecting sticks the wood-cutter and his wife crept quietly away.

When the children realised they were alone they began to cry with fear, except for Hop-o'-my-thumb.

"Don't be afraid," he told his bigger brothers. "I know the way home."

You see, ever since they had left the cottage, Hop-o'-my-thumb had been dropping white pebbles and now he was able to follow the trail of pebbles which led back to the cottage.

Strangly enough, just as the wood-cutter and his wife had reached home the lord of the manor sent them ten crowns which he had been owing to them for a long time.

"Alas! My poor children!" cried the wife. "We could now feed them if they were here. But we shall never see them again."

But at that moment the children came hurrying through the door.

The wood-cutter and his wife were overjoyed at being re-united with their seven small sons, and for as long as the ten crowns lasted they were all happy together.

But before long the money was all spent and the wood-cutter and his wife were once again in despair.

Sorrowfully they decided that their children must again be taken into the wood, and this time the wood-cutter was resolved to take them so far that they would never find their way home.

Although they talked of this in



whispers, Hop-o'-my-thumb heard them. Next morning he was up early, determined to find pebbles as he had done before. But this time he found the door double-locked and he could not get out.

"What can I do?" he asked himself unhappily. And then, when the wood-cutter's wife gave each of the children a last piece of bread for breakfast instead of eating his bread he hid it in his pocket.

As he followed his mother and father deeper and deeper into the wood Hop-o'-my-thumb crumbled his bread and so left a trail of crumbs.

The wood-cutter and his wife slipped away from the children as they had done before, but Hop-o'-my-thumb was not alarmed.

"I can lead you back home," he told his brothers. "Follow me."

But when he searched for the





trail not a crumb was to be seen. The birds had eaten every one!

Now the children were *really* lost and the more they wandered the deeper into the forest their feet took them.

Just as they had given up all hope they came to a lonely house.

Hop-o'-my-thumb knocked at the door and begged a night's lodging from the woman who opened it.

The woman sadly shook her head.

"You must not stay here," she said. "My husband is an ogre who eats little boys. Run while you can."

Just at that moment the woman saw the ogre returning through the trees.

"Inside!" she said quickly, and she hid the seven boys under the bed just as the ogre entered the house.

The ogre sniffed the air.

"I smell boys!" he growled.

"No, you are mistaken," said the wife. "It is the calf I have skinned for your supper you can smell."

The ogre sniffed the air again, then he crossed to the bed and dragged out the children.

"So you would try to deceive me, wretched woman!" he roared. "Three ogre friends of mine are coming to dinner tomorrow and these boys will make a fine feast for us."









The boys begged for mercy, but the ogre just pinched them to see how much flesh they had.

"Give them a good supper to fatten them up and then put them to bed," he told his wife.

The wife did as she was bid, and as for the ogre, he was so pleased thinking what a fine banquet he would have the following day that he drank a dozen goblets of wine and fell fast asleep.

When the ogre's wife had gone to bed, Hop-o'-my-Thumb woke his brothers and told them to dress and follow him. Out of the house they crept and ran as hard as they could for all the remainder of the night.

Next morning, when the ogre discovered they had gone he roared with rage until the house shook.

"Quick, wife!" he ordered. "Fetch me my seven-league boots that I may go after them and catch them!"

The seven-league boots were magic boots and whomsoever wore them was able to cover a distance of seven leagues with but a single stride. Soon the fleeing children, who were now within sight of their home, saw the ogre stepping from hill to hill and across the widest rivers.

"We must hide!" cried Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and he guided his brothers to a hollow in some rocks.

By this time the ogre was feeling rather tired, for seven-league boots are tiring to wear. And so he sat down to rest close to the very rocks where the brothers were hidden. Before long he was fast asleep.

Ever so quietly Hop-o'-my-Thumb

crept up to the giant, pulled off the seven-league boots and got into them himself. This was not so strange as it may seem for, being magic boots, they fitted every leg they were put on.

Away went Hop-o'-my-Thumb and the great strides of the boots quickly carried him back to the ogre's house.

"Your husband's life is in terrible danger," he told the ogre's wife. "A band of evil robbers have seized him and if he does not give them all his treasure they will kill him. He bade me come to you in his seven-league boots for you to give me all the wealth he possesses. Be quick, for I must hurry back to him."

These words filled the ogre's wife with alarm. As quickly as she could she put all the ogre's money and treasures in a bag and gave it to Hop-o'-my-Thumb.

So, laden with wealth, Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers hastened back to their father's cottage and the whole family lived happy ever after.



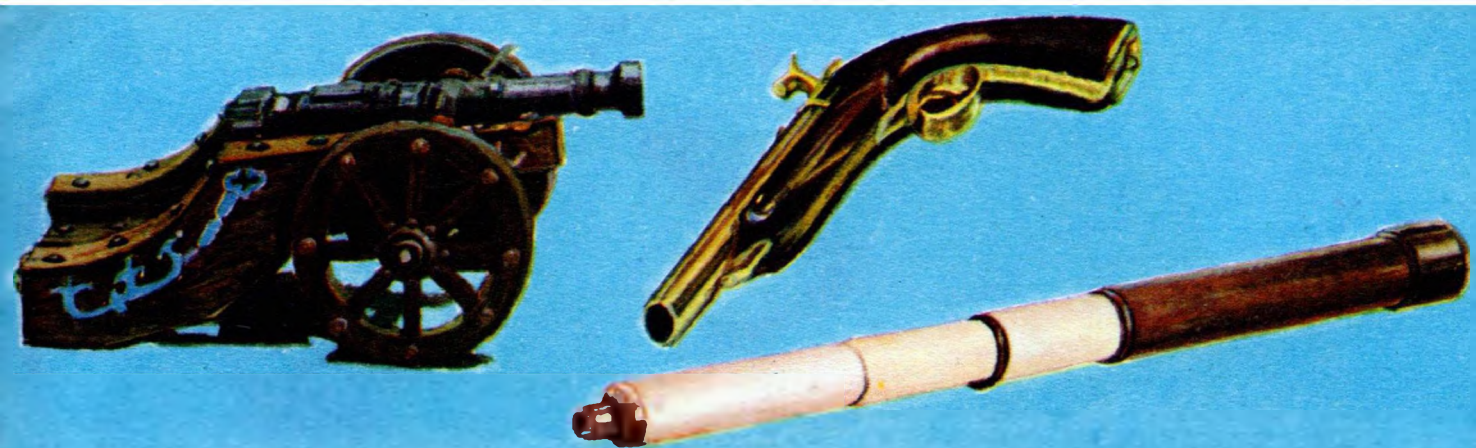




# The Pirate Bold

This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 54 and see if you can answer the questions about it.





**T**HIS is a Danny Dream-a-Day story. Danny's real name was Danny Day, but because he loved nothing better than to sit and day-dream everyone who knew him well called him Danny Dream-a-Day.

"How exciting life must have been in the days when pirates boldly sailed the Spanish Main!" thought Danny one afternoon. And no sooner had the thought entered his head than Danny was off on one of his day-dreams.

He was Captain Danny Day, master of the tall ship "Good Fortune", and when he set sail from Plymouth he promised his sweetheart, Mary-Anne, that he would seek his fortune and then return to marry her.

Across the wide Atlantic Ocean the "Good Fortune" sailed, but although Captain Danny searched the Spanish Main from end to end no riches did he find. The first mate of the ship was named Jem Dankin and he was jealous of Danny. Jem Dankin persuaded the crew that their lack of luck was because Danny was a poor captain.

The crew members were good fellows at heart, but easily led and so they mutinied against Captain Danny. Captain Danny was overpowered, taken to a small island and left there alone whilst the "Good Fortune" sailed away under the command of Jem Dankin.

Captain Danny soon found there was water and fruit on the island, and something else, too! Buried beneath the sand he discovered a chest filled with gold and silver coins and precious gems. It was treasure that had been hidden by pirates.

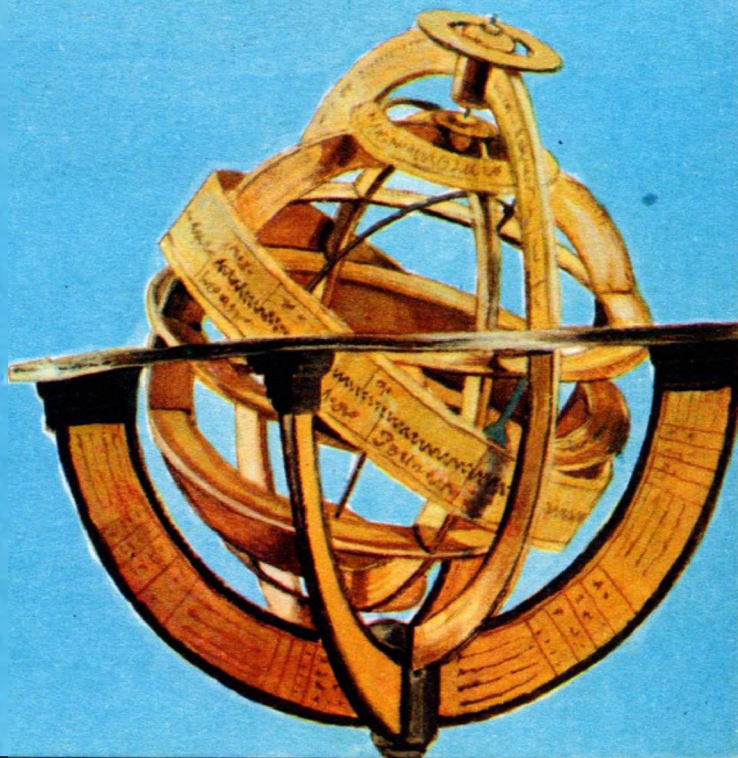
Just when Captain Danny was giving up all hope of ever seeing Mary-Anne again a ship called

at the island for fresh water. Captain Danny was taken aboard and he told his story to the captain. He gave the captain some of the treasure and in return the ship set off in search of the "Good Fortune."

After a long search the "Good Fortune" was found. The "Good Fortune" was in a sorry state. It had been battered by storms and food was running out. And so, with the exception of Jem Dankin, everyone was delighted to see the return of Captain Danny.

Then followed a great fight between Captain Danny and Jem Dankin. But Jem Dankin was a coward at heart and soon he was begging for his life as Captain Danny's flashing cutless drove him back along the deck.

Jem Dankin was made a prisoner and the "Good Fortune" set sail for England. And when Captain Danny was rowed ashore with his treasure chest at Plymouth there, waiting for him at the jetty was Mary-Anne. And after they were married Mary-Anne never tired of hearing the story of Captain Danny's wonderful adventures in the Spanish Main.







## Beautiful Paintings

As you can see from the little marks and cracks upon it, this is a very old painting. Nowadays we are used to riding in buses which are brightly painted and carry many people. This old picture shows what the inside of one of the very first omnibuses looked like. In those days omnibuses (or buses, as most people now call them) had

no engines and were drawn by horses. They held fewer people and were not very comfortable and the roads they travelled were often dangerously bumpy. Because of this even a short journey was quite an adventure. Study the picture well, for paintings like this tell us a lot about the past.



# READ AND REMEMBER

On this page are some interesting facts. First look at the pictures. Then read the words beneath the pictures and try to remember what you have read. Only by remembering can we learn.



**1. Where do pineapples come from?**  
Pineapples first came from South America. But they are mostly grown today in the Hawaiian Islands and part of the West Indies. A lot of the fruit is canned and sold in tins.



**2. What is a platypus?**  
A duck-billed platypus is a strange creature which lives in Australia. It has a big flat bill like a duck, with webbed feet and a furry body. It lays eggs and can swim under water.



**3. Where is the Amazon?**  
The Amazon is the greatest river in South America. It rises high in the mountains and is 3,350 miles long. Below the mountains, the Amazon flows through thick jungle, much of it unexplored. Two thousand miles from the sea, the river is still a mile wide.



**4. What is the highest building in the world?**  
The Empire State Building in New York in America. It is 1,472 feet high and there are 102 floors. Much of New York is built on Manhattan Island which is a small island. So high buildings, called skyscrapers, had to be built.



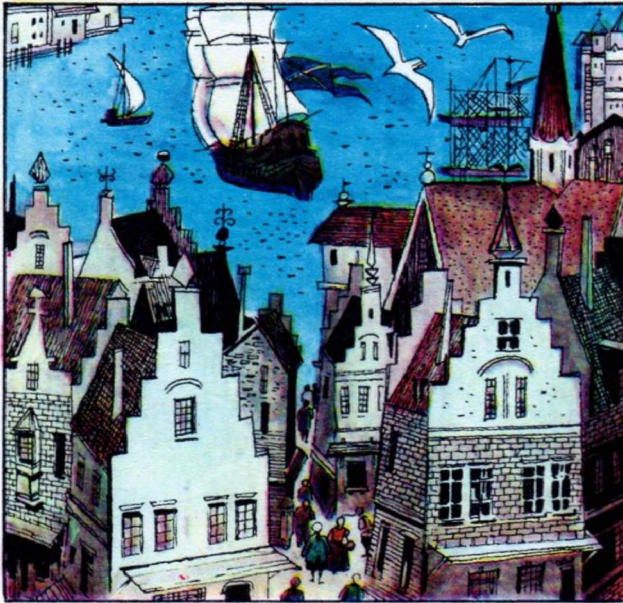
**5. Where does cocoa come from?**  
Cocoa comes from the cacao tree and it is grown mostly in the hottest part of Africa, in a country called Ghana. The pods of the tree are dried and the beans inside are ground into powder. Cocoa is used as a drink and for making chocolate.



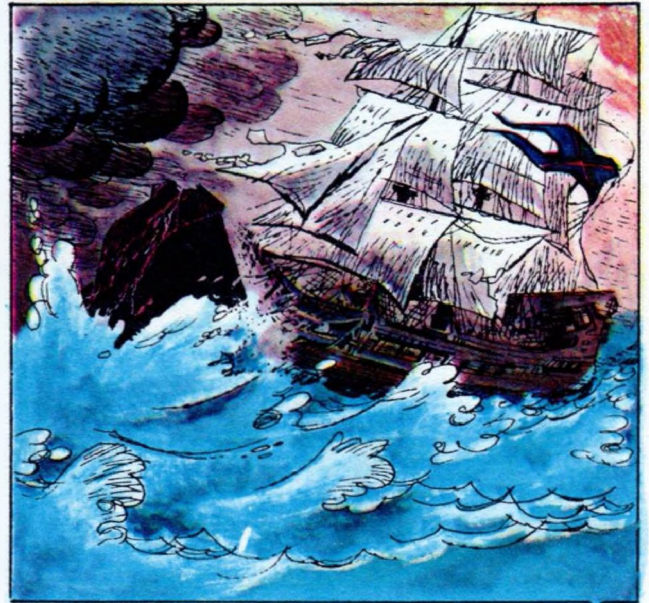
**6. What is a hurricane?**  
A hurricane is a violent wind which rushes across the sea in tropical areas of the world. When the wind hits the land, it is so strong that it can take the roofs off houses. The east coast of America and the West Indian Isles are often struck by hurricanes.



# Gulliver's Travels



1. This is the story of one of the most amazing adventures that could ever befall a man. It happened long ago and it all began on the 4th of May, 1669 when the Good Ship Antelope set sail from Bristol, bound for the South Seas.



2. At first all went well. Then the fair winds turned to gales, and the gales became a storm that swept the Antelope helplessly before it. The crew could do nothing but cling on for their lives and at last the ship shuddered from stem to stern as it struck a great rock.



3. The ship sank at once and only six members of the crew were able to struggle into a boat. One of these six was Gulliver, who had been the ship's doctor. Gulliver had travelled widely but had never been shipwrecked before.



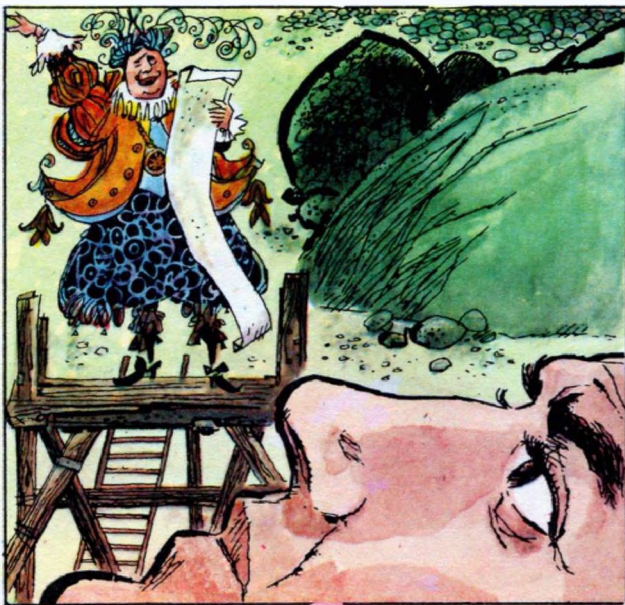
4. The storm carried the little boat a great distance and then a huge wave overturned it. Gulliver never knew what became of his companions, but just when it seemed he could swim no further he reached a sandy beach.



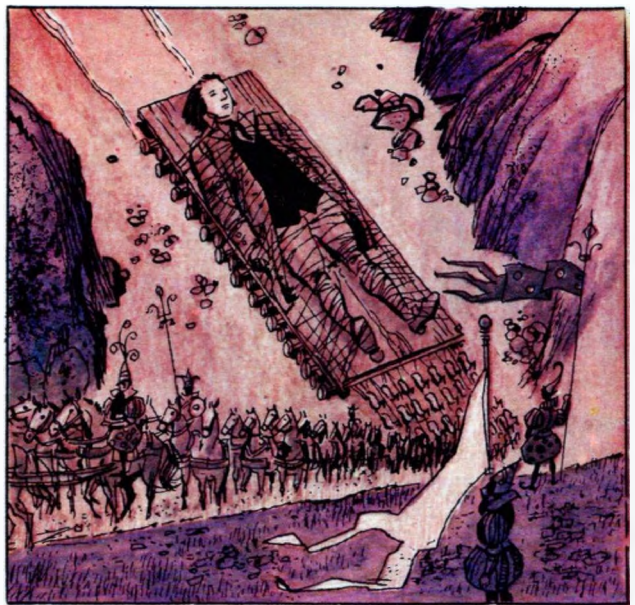


5. Gulliver staggered from the beach and then sank exhausted in a grassy field. He noticed that the grass was very short and soft, but then tiredness overtook him and he fell fast asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke he found that he was unable to move his arms and legs.

6. Gulliver turned his head, and then realised the full truth. His entire body was criss-crossed with slender ropes and surrounding him were scores of tiny people, each of them no more than three inches high. Some carried ladders and others were armed with bows and arrows or sharp-pointed pikestaffs.

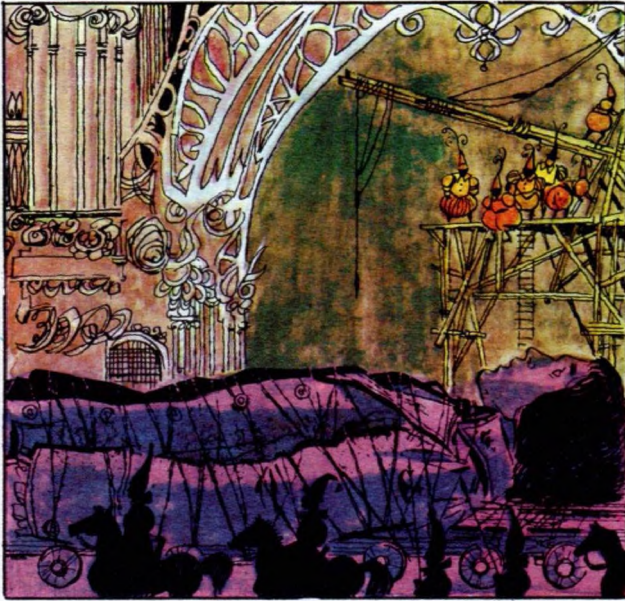


7. The little men built a platform close to Gulliver's head and presently one of them climbed the platform and read to Gulliver from a scroll of paper. He looked a most important person, but Gulliver could not understand a word he said for he spoke in a language Gulliver had never met before in all his travels.



8. Gulliver was fed and given wine to drink and some days later was lifted onto a special carriage which the little men had built. Fifteen hundred tiny horses were then harnessed to the carriage to draw it to the city where dwelt the Emperor of Lilliput, which was the name of the strange land where Gulliver now found himself.



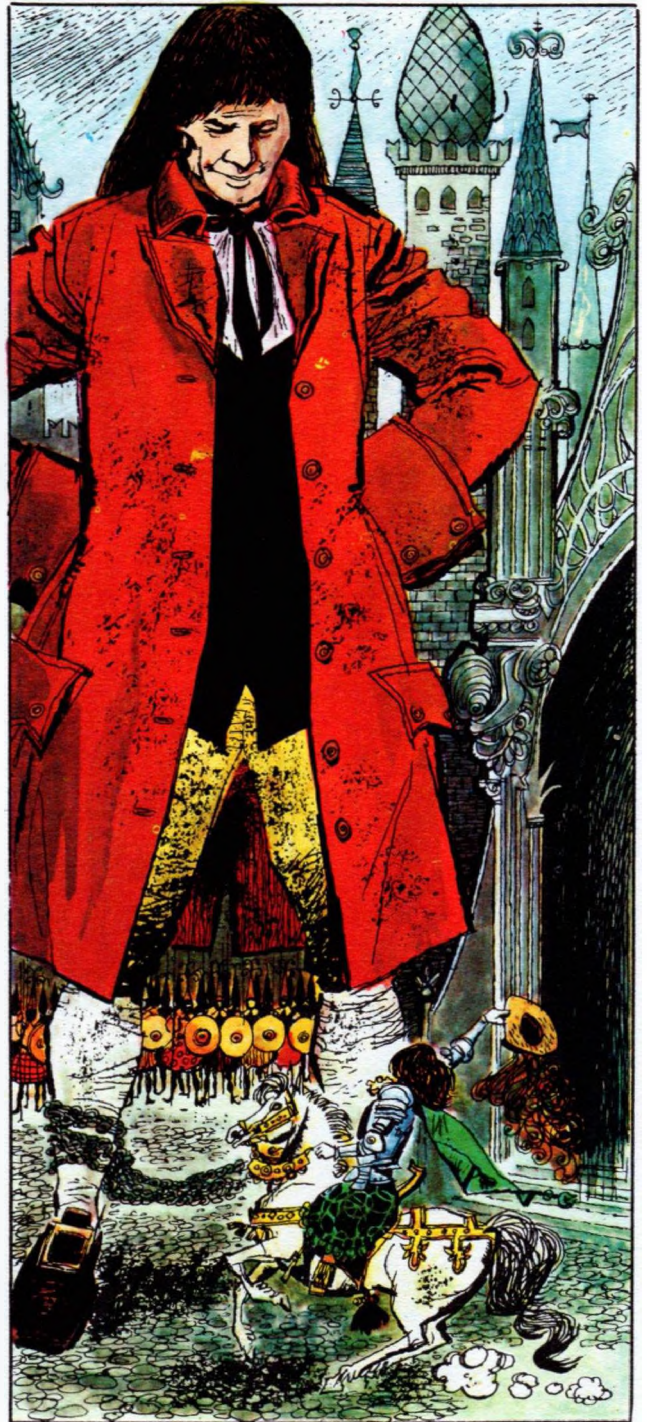


9. Gulliver was taken to an ancient temple which was the largest building in the whole kingdom. It had fallen into disuse many years before, and as he was wheeled inside it Gulliver guessed correctly that the little people had decided that this was to be his home in Lilliput.



10. But before Gulliver was released from the ropes that bound him, his feet were secured by the strongest chains the Lilliputians possessed. Although these chains were large enough to support the anchor of a Lilliputian battle-ship, they were no larger than the links of a watch chain worn in Europe.

## Gulliver's New Home



11. When the chains were in position the ropes were removed and Gulliver was able to stand up. And now the Emperor of Lilliput came to see the Man Mountain, for this was the name the little people had given to Gulliver. From the first meeting Gulliver and the Emperor formed a liking for each other.





12. The Emperor ordered a special feast to be given to Gulliver. Wagonloads of meat, cooked by the Emperor's own chefs, were brought. The Emperor and his court marvelled as Gulliver ate all the food and then washed it down by drinking ten whole casks of wine. Never had they seen such an appetite!



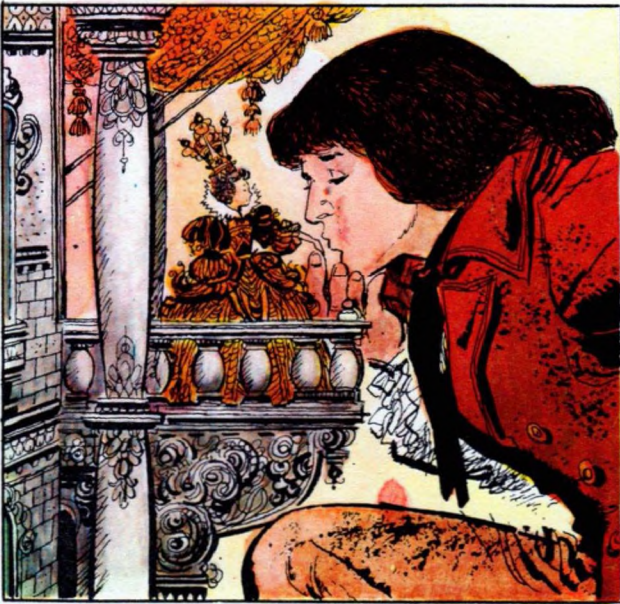
13. In the weeks that followed Gulliver learned to speak the Lilliputian language and he was able to amuse the Emperor in many ways. One day he pegged his handkerchief to the ground and lifted a troop of the Emperor's cavalry onto it. There they were able to carry out their exercises.

## The Tiny Army



14. Then the Emperor had an idea. He asked Gulliver to stand with his legs astride the main highway while his general marched his army between Gulliver's feet. With drums beating and colours flying three thousand foot soldiers and a thousand horsemen passed through the arch of Gulliver's legs.





15. By now the Emperor thought so highly of Gulliver that he granted him his freedom. One of the first things Gulliver asked was to see the Royal Palace and Gardens. There Gulliver met the Empress who smiled graciously upon him from a balcony and gave him her tiny hand to kiss.



16. Shortly after this Gulliver learned from the Emperor's secretary that Lilliput was at war with the neighbouring country of Blefuscu. This war had begun long ago over a dispute as to whether eggs should be eaten from the little end first or the big end first. All Blefuscu were big end people.



17. The island of Blefuscu was separated from Lilliput by a channel of water half-a-mile wide. Gulliver looked across the channel and saw the great fleet of ships assembled in the harbour of Blefuscu. The fleet was waiting for the right wind in order to set sail for Lilliput and attack the Lilliputians.



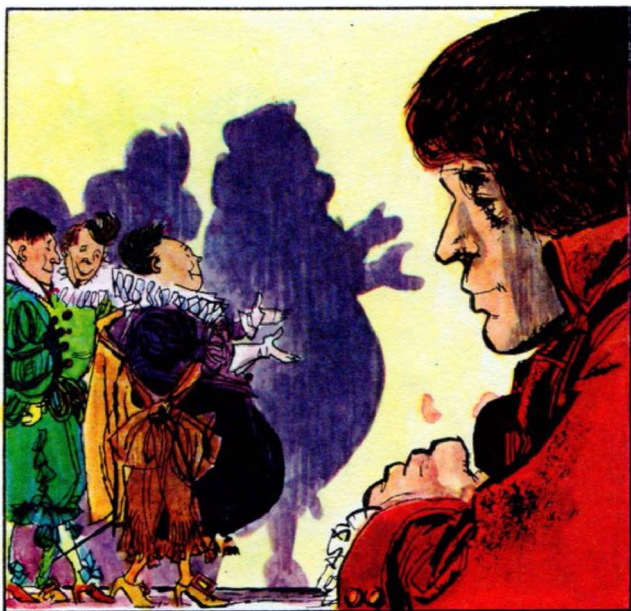
18. Gulliver decided to try and help the Lilliputians. With a quantity of rope cable and fifty hooks which he made by twisting iron bars together, Gulliver stepped into the channel to wade across to Blefuscu. The Emperor and his friends were there to wave him farewell and wish him good fortune.





19. The people of Blefuscu knew nothing of Gulliver's existence. So it was hardly surprising that when he reached the other side of the channel the sight of his great figure so frightened the seamen that they leapt from their ships in a great panic and scrambled ashore as quickly as they could.

20. Ignoring the tiny arrows that showered upon him from the shore Gulliver fastened a hook with a thread tied to it to the front of each warship. Then he returned back across the channel to Lilliput towing the whole of the Blefuscan war-fleet behind him. The Blefuscans were now almost defenceless.



21. The Emperor of Lilliput wanted Gulliver to return to Blefuscu and completely destroy the city, but Gulliver refused because he felt the Blefuscans had suffered enough. And when a peace was made the envoys from Blefuscu came to thank Gulliver and invited him to visit Blefuscu whenever he wished.



22. Not long after this a part of the Royal Palace mysteriously caught fire. Gulliver was the first to see it and by quick action managed to put out the flames. But afterwards it appeared to him that the Emperor, instead of thanking him, seemed to think he had played some part in causing the fire to start.





23. By this time Gulliver had made some friends at court and one of them now came to see him secretly. He warned Gulliver that the real reason for the Emperor's displeasure was because Gulliver had refused to destroy Blefuscu. "You must escape while you can," he said. "The Emperor now means you harm."



24. Very grateful for the warning he had been given Gulliver decided to take up the invitation he had been given to visit Blefuscu. Without saying anything to anyone of what he intended to do he made his way to the side of the island where the Lilliputian fleet lay at anchor just off the shore.



25. Gulliver seized a large man-of-war, stripped off his clothes and put them onto the ship. Then, holding onto the ship, he half-waded and half-swam across the channel to Blefuscu. Once there he dressed himself in his clothes which, thanks to being carried on the ship, were still dry.



26. The Emperor of Blefuscu was delighted at Gulliver's arrival for he knew how Gulliver had refused the Emperor of Lilliput's command for him to destroy Blefuscu. A great feast was held and Gulliver was welcomed as an honoured guest. For the moment Gulliver was safe.





27. Three days after his arrival at Blefuscu Gulliver's curiosity took him to the north-east end of the island. Far out at sea he saw a strange object. He waded out as far as he could and then, to his amazement, realised that the object was a real boat driven there, he supposed, by a storm from a ship.



28. Great was the excitement that followed. The Emperor of Blefuscu loaned Gulliver twenty of his biggest ships. Gulliver swam with them to the boat and fastened them to it with stout rope. Slowly the little ships towed the great boat to Blefuscu while Gulliver swam and helped as best he could.



29. The Emperor gave orders for his carpenters to repair the boat and five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails. The boat was stored with food and drink and at last all was ready for Gulliver to leave. "I wish you fair winds and a safe return to your own land," the Emperor smiled.



30. Three days later the islands of Lilliput and Blefuscu were far behind Gulliver and his small boat. And then Gulliver was sighted by a tall ship. Six months later, for sea journeys took a long time in those far-off days, Gulliver was back in England after as great an adventure as any man might have.





# BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit builds a steeple.

By Barbara Hayes

**N**OW those of you who have read Brer Rabbit stories before, will know that Brer Rabbit always had to be on guard against some of the other animals.

Especially he had to be on guard against Brer Wolf and Brer Fox and Brer Bear, because those three animals were always plotting and planning to see how they could catch Brer Rabbit unawares and turn him into rabbit stew for their dinners.

Now there was a time when Brer Wolf especially had a longing for rabbit stew and he kept hanging and hanging around Brer Rabbit's house looking for a chance to sneak in and snatch Brer Rabbit up.

Of course, Brer Rabbit didn't like this very much, so he decided to do something to teach that Brer Wolf a lesson.

First Brer Rabbit strengthened all the windows of his house and then he built a tall steeple on top of his house. A mighty fine steeple it was and folk passing by as Brer Rabbit built it would stop and say:

"Hey! What kind of church is that?"

But Brer Rabbit never had time to answer. He hammered, he nailed, he knocked and he banged.

People would go by, but Brer Rabbit wouldn't look up.

People would come and stand and watch, but Brer Rabbit wouldn't look round.

He just worked, worked, worked from sun-up to sun-down, until that steeple was finished.

Then Brer Rabbit heaved a big sigh and wiped his forehead and said that if any of the creatures who were after him to make rabbit stew out of him wanted to try to catch him, now was the time.

And with that Brer Rabbit took a nice supply of food and a long piece of rope and he told his wife to put a kettle of water on the fire and stand at the ready.

Then Brer Rabbit took his rocking chair to the top of the steeple and sat rocking in it looking out to see how the land lay.



Well it wasn't long before all the creatures heard tell that Brer Rabbit had stoped work and they began to come round to see what he was going to do next.

But Brer Rabbit, he just sat up there he did, smoking his cigar and minding his own business.

Brer Fox came to watch and Brer Wolf came to watch and lots of other creatures came to watch, but Brer Rabbit just sat up there rocking and smoking his cigar and minding his own business.

Then by and by old Brer Terrapin came along and as usual Brer Terrapin was in league with Brer Rabbit and he knew just what Brer Rabbit wanted him to say.

"Hallo Brer Rabbit! What are you doing way up in the sky like that?" asked Brer Terrapin.

"Why I'm just having a rest. Why don't you drop up and see me?"

"Between you and me Brer Rabbit, it's you who ought to do the dropping. I should need wings to reach you up there and in any case I'm not very keen on flying."

"Oh don't worry, Brer Terrapin," replied Brer Rabbit, "There's a nice easy way of getting up here."

And with that Brer Rabbit let down his rope and hauled Brer Terrapin to the top of the steeple.

Well when the other creatures saw Brer Terrapin go up to the steeple safe and sound and saw him enjoying the view and sharing Brer Rabbit's food, they wanted to go up the steeple too.

Brer Wolf called out:

"Hallo there, Brer Rabbit! It looks







mighty scrumptious up there. Is it really nice?"

Brer Rabbit looked down and saw who it was calling and he replied:

"Well it's just so so, just so so. But why don't you come up and see for yourself?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Brer Wolf.

So Brer Rabbit let down the rope and Brer Wolf caught hold and they began to *haul him* up.

They hauled and they hauled and when Brer Wolf was way off the ground, Brer Rabbit called out to his wife:

"Bustle round old woman and lay the table, but before you do that, put on the kettle to make some coffee."

Then they hauled and they hauled on the rope and Brer Wolf came a little higher off the ground and he heard Brer Rabbit call out:

"Watch out what you are doing with that boiling water old woman.

If you are not careful you will spill it out of the window and on to Brer Wolf."

Of course that was Brer Rabbit's signal to his wife that he *wanted* her to spill the water on to Brer Wolf.

And bless my soul in a moment out of the window spilled the boiling water straight on to Brer Wolf's tail.

Brer Wolf let out one yell, let go of the rope, crashed to the ground and bounced up and down just like a rubber ball.

Brer Rabbit, he leaned out from his steeple and apologised as best he could.

"Oh dear! I *am* sorry, Brer Wolf," he said.

But Brer Wolf didn't hear him. He was too busy rushing away to the river to try to cool down his burning tail in the cold water.

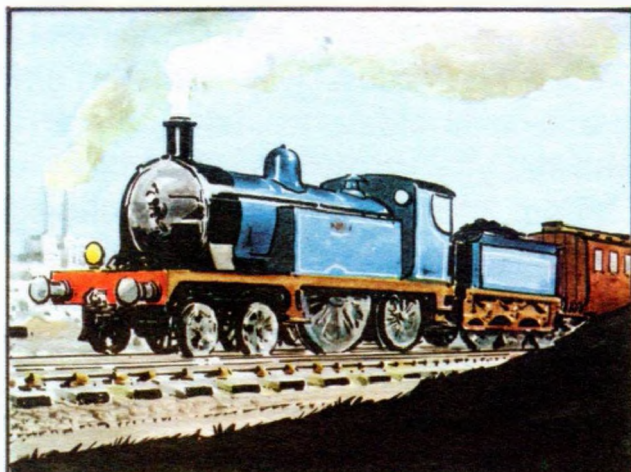
And if you want to know what Brer Rabbit and Brer Terrapin did next, why they laughed and they laughed and they laughed.



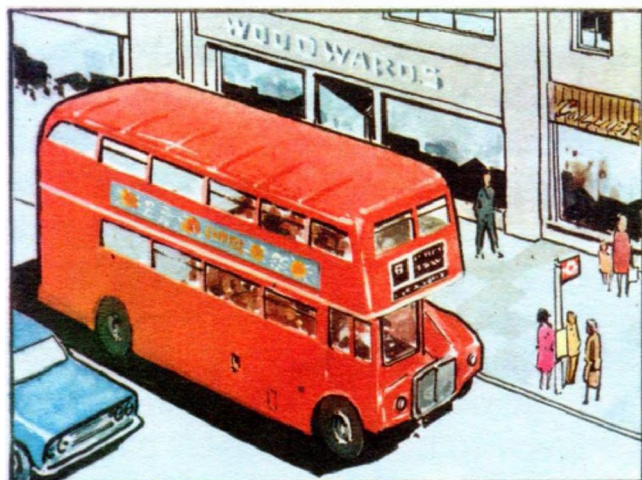
# When Grandpa was a Boy



This is the sort of train YOU are likely to see.



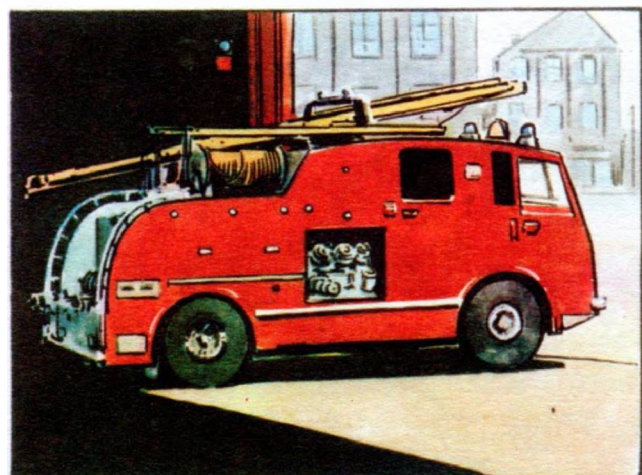
This steam train was the kind that Grandpa saw as a boy.



In towns YOU ride on buses like this one.



Grandpa travelled in buses like this when he was your age.



YOU see fire-engines like this.



When Grandpa was a boy fire-engines were much different.



# Puss in Boots

ONCE upon a time there was a miller who had three sons.

The eldest was named Tom, the second eldest was named Harry and the youngest was named Jack.

Tom and Harry were lazy fellows, and it was Jack who helped his father the most.

The miller was not very rich and when he died he left nothing but his mill, his donkey and his cat.

"As the eldest son I shall take the mill," declared Tom. "That is only right and proper."

"And I shall take the donkey," decided Harry. "Because I am the second eldest son."

"That leaves me only the cat,"

said Jack sadly. "How am I to make my living?"

Poor Jack. His brothers were not very kind and they only laughed at him. But then the cat (who was quite a remarkable animal, as we shall see) whispered to him:

"Don't be so downhearted, master. I have always wanted a pair of boots such as men wear. If you give me a pair, and a bag as well, then you may find that you have in me a better bargain than you think."

Jack had little faith that a cat could solve his problems, even though he knew that his father had always regarded puss as a most clever animal. But there seemed little to be lost in giving the cat the things he requested.

As soon as the cat had the boots and the bag he proudly drew on the boots, slung the bag over his shoulder and set off for a nearby field which he knew to be full of rabbit holes.

He filled his bag with tender young thistles, which rabbits love to eat, and then hid himself behind a bush and settled down to wait.

Before many minutes had passed a foolish young rabbit entered the bag to eat the thistles. This was what Puss had been waiting for. He pounced out, drew tight the strings of the bag and the rabbit was captured.

Now puss hurried to the palace and asked to speak to the king. When he was taken before His Royal Majesty the cat bowed low and said:





"Your Majesty, this is a rabbit from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas which he desired me to present to you."

Of course there was really no such person as the Marquis of Carabas, but the king did not know this and neither did anyone at the court.

"Give my thanks to your master," the king answered graciously. "And tell him it gives me pleasure to accept his gift."

A week later the cat hid himself in a cornfield and succeeded in trapping two partridges in his bag in much the same way as he had trapped the rabbits.

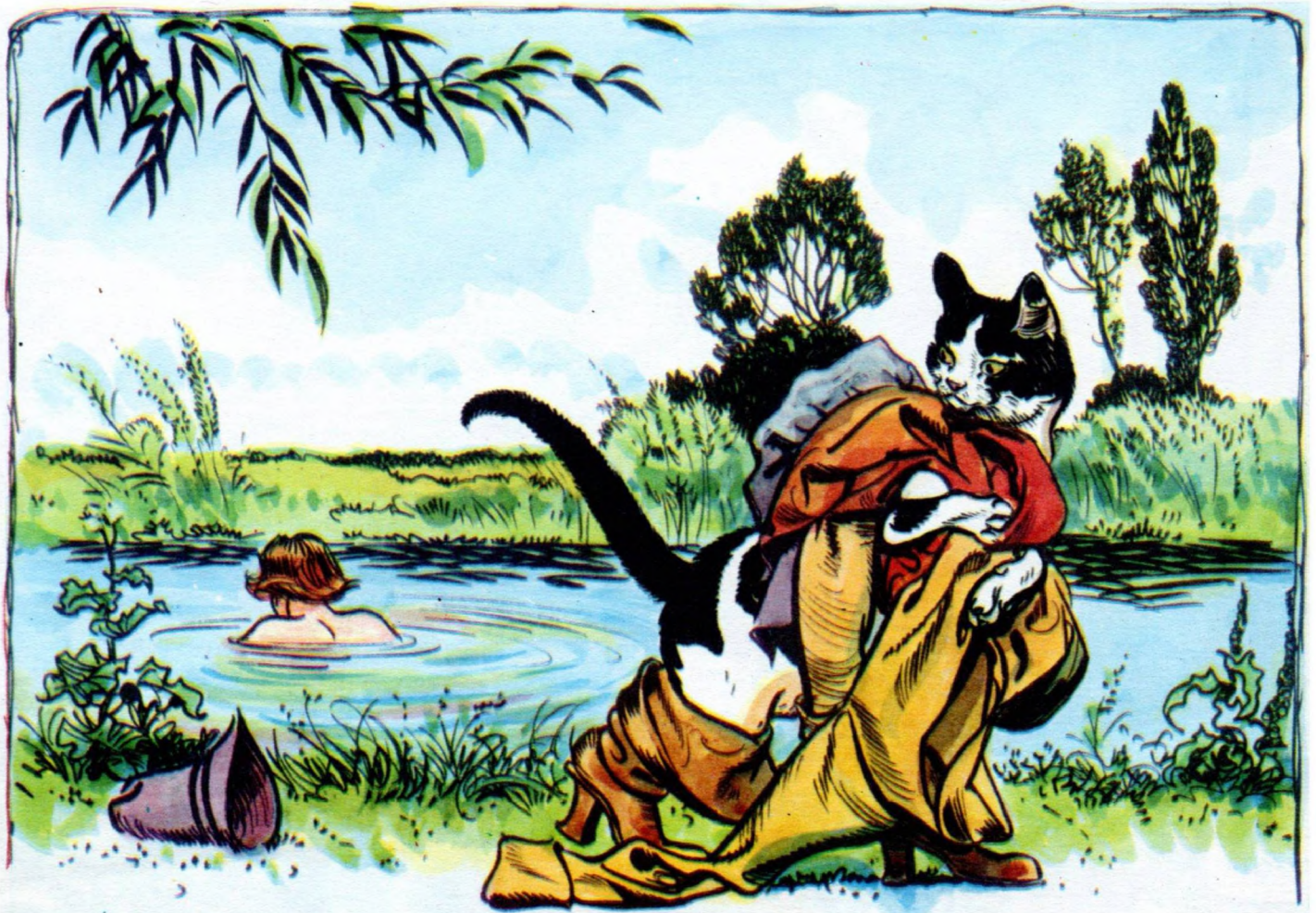
Once again the cat called at the royal palace and presented the partridges to the king as a gift from the Marquis of Carabas. The king received the partridges very graciously

and gave orders that the cat should be rewarded for his trouble with a saucer of cream.

For the next two or three months the cat continued to catch game and present it to the king as a gift from the Marquis of Carabas. By this time the king was becoming quite curious about the Marquis of Carabas and the cat explained that his master was a famous sportsman.

Whenever he was at the palace the cat always took care to keep his eyes and ears sharply open for any information that he might be able to turn to use. At last his alertness was rewarded for he heard that His Majesty was planning to take a drive along the river in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in all the world.

The cat went up to his master







BROCK



and said: "Listen carefully to me, master, and if you follow my advice your fortune is as good as made."

"What is it I am to do?" asked Jack, wonderingly.

"You must bathe in the river at a spot I shall show you, and then leave the rest to me," answered the cat.

Jack couldn't for the life of him see how bathing in the river was going to make his fortune for him. But it was a warm day and he enjoyed swimming and so there seemed no harm in doing as the cat suggested.

While his master was bathing the cat kept a sharp lookout for the king and when he saw him driving past he shouted as loudly as he could, "Help! Help! The Marquis of Carabas is drowning! Save him!"

The king stopped his carriage and when he recognised the cat as the one who had so frequently visited the palace he ordered his guards to hasten to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

No-one was more surprised than Jack to find himself being fished out of the river and then he saw Puss step up to the royal carriage and inform his majesty that whilst his master, the Marquis of Carabas, had been bathing some robbers had stolen his clothes.

Not suspecting that the cat had hidden Jack's clothes beneath a stone, the king ordered one of his men to go to the palace and fetch one of the royal suits of clothing for the Marquis of Carabas.

Now Jack was a handsome young fellow and when he was dressed in

the fine suit of clothes he looked so very elegant that it was hardly surprising that the king took him to be a very fine gentleman.

As for the princess, she was so struck by Jack's appearance that she fell head over heels in love with him. And Jack, who had never before seen such beauty, was completely captured by her.

So pleased was the king at meeting the Marquis of Carabas that he insisted on his getting into the carriage and taking a drive with them. Jack was not quite certain why all this was happening to him, but he had the good sense to say very little. The cat was highly delighted at the way things were turning out and he now ran on ahead of the carriage with an eye to bring further advantage to his master.

Presently he reached a broad meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass.

"Listen to me," he told them sternly. When the king comes this way if you do not tell him that the field you are mowing belongs to the Marquis of Carabas you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat!"

So frightened were the simple peasants that when the king's carriage came by and the king asked them whose good grassland it was, they answered: "It belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, if it please your majesty."

The king was most impressed.

"Upon my word, marquis," he said. "It appears you have a very fine estate."

All this time puss continued to







run before the royal carriage and presently he came upon some labourers reaping corn.

"I am here as a friend to warn you all," he told them. "Soon the king will be passing this way. And unless you tell him that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas you shall, every one of you, be chopped into mincemeat!"

Sure enough a few minutes later the king's carriage came by and the king inquired to whom the cornfields belonged.

Still trembling with fright from what the cat had said, the reapers answered:

"If it please your majesty, all these cornfields belong to the Marquis of Carabas."

The king was even more impressed.

"Faith, it pleases me right well to see that the Marquis of Carabas is so wealthy," he said, smiling at Jack.

And so it went on. Puss kept running ahead of the carriage and each time he met a group of labourers he gave them stern instructions to inform his majesty that they were in the service of the Marquis of Carabas. Soon the king was astounded by the seeming wealth and vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas. He showered his congratulations upon Jack, and Jack received them with a modesty that made him appear more like a real marquis than ever.

The truth was that all the lands through which the king had been riding belonged to an evil giant who was almost as wealthy as the king

himself. Puss knew all about this giant, and some of the magic things he was able to do, and so when the magnificent castle belonging to the giant came into view Puss recognised it at once.

Puss sent in a message to the giant saying that he had heard what a wonderful and powerful person the giant was and that he had journeyed from far-off to see the giant for himself.

As a rule the giant would never agree to see anyone unless he wanted to do them harm or eat them. But he was so flattered by the cat's message that he allowed him to come in.

The giant was huge and ugly, but the cat said:

"O giant. I knew you were strong and I knew you were wise, but I never expected to find you so handsome!"

This pleased the giant immensely for never before had anyone ever said that he was handsome. And so he felt more friendly than ever towards the cat.

After they had chatted for a while Puss said:

"I have been told that you have the power of transforming yourself into any animal of your choosing. Such, for instance, as a lion or an elephant. Surely such a marvel is beyond even your great powers?"

Puss knew very well that the giant was indeed able to do this and his doubts were only pretended.

"Of course such a thing is within my power," cried the giant, very







cross that the cat should think otherwise. "Do you disbelieve it? Then watch, and you shall now see me become a lion!"

Sure enough the giant began to change his shape and within a few seconds Puss was faced not with the giant but with a lion.

When Puss saw the lion with its huge sharp teeth he was so scared that he scrambled up to the rafters. This was not easy, for his boots were intended for walking and not for scrambling up walls.

Not until the giant returned to his normal shape did the cat come down again.

"Forgive me for being so frightened," he begged. "But never before have I seen anything so remarkable."

"Oh, there is really nothing to it to someone as clever as I am," boasted the giant. "Just watch."

And before the cat's eyes the giant changed his shape once again and became an enormous elephant.

"C-careful, careful!" cried the cat in alarm. "Don't tread on me!"

Then, when the giant had returned once more to his normal shape, the cat went on:

"You really are the cleverest giant I have ever had the good fortune to meet. But I have also been told, only this is really too much to believe, that you have the power to turn yourself into the shape of the tiniest of creatures, such as a rat or mouse. But of course, such a feat as that would be beyond even such powers as you possess."

"What?" roared the giant, angry

that his powers should be doubted. "I shall show you whether or not such a thing is beyond my powers!"

And so saying he immediately took on the shape of a mouse and began frisking around on the floor.

This was exactly what Puss had been wanting him to do. He pounced upon the mouse, gave it one shake and that was the end of the wicked giant.

Puss ran out of the castle just as the king's carriage drew up outside.

"What a splendid building," the king was saying, as he gazed at the great walls and the moat with graceful swans swimming upon it. "I wonder whether the inside is as magnificent as the outside."

"Your majesty is most welcome to enter the Marquis of Carabas's castle," cried the cat.

"Then — then this wonderful castle belongs to you!" exclaimed the king, gazing in wonderment at Jack as the carriage rumbled across the drawbridge.

Jack wisely said nothing but helped the king and the princess from the carriage.

Puss led them into a great hall in which a table was laid for a small banquet.

The king, the princess and Jack (who now felt that he really *was* the Marquis of Carabas) sat at the table and Puss waited upon them as they ate.

The food had really been prepared for some of the giant's friends who were to have visited him that day, but news of the king's visit travelled fast and they dared not come.



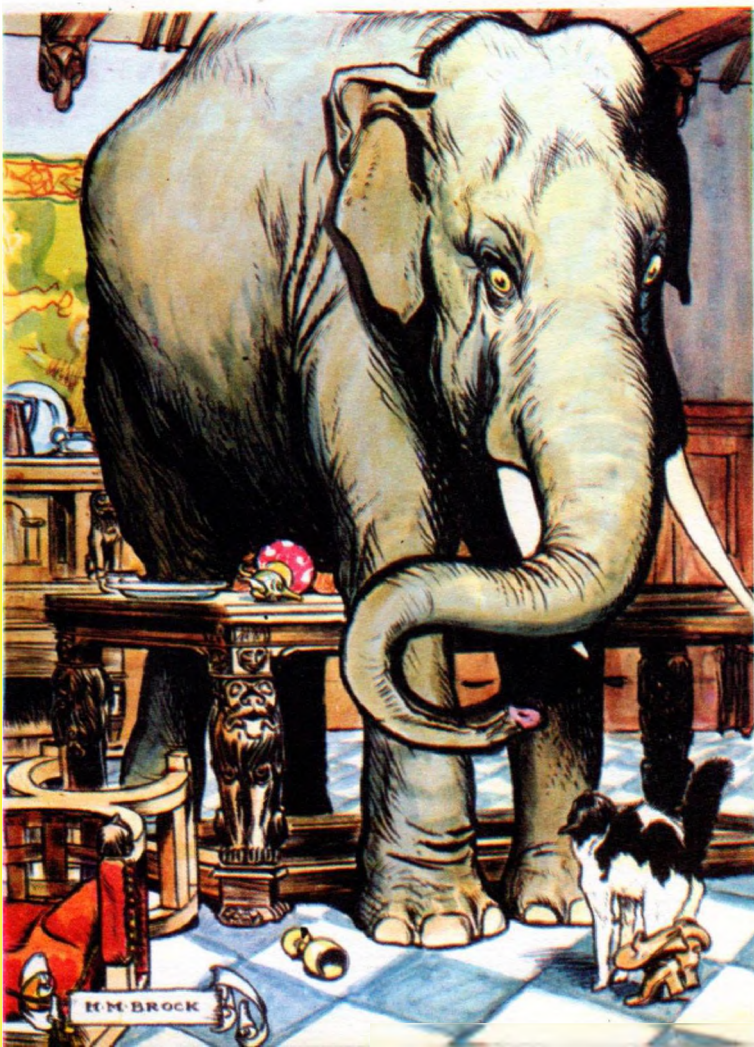
The king was so delighted with his day, so impressed by the Marquis and so aware that the young man and the princess were already very much in love that he said:

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Marquis, than to see you and my daughter wed."

That very same day the princess and the Marquis of Carabas were married and from then on they lived happily in the castle which had once belonged to the giant.

Puss lived there, too, hunting for rats and mice whenever the fancy took him.

As for Jack's two brothers, as far as anyone knows Tom the elder still works six days a week in his mill and Harry labours to make a humble living with his donkey.



Here are the questions for the story on Page 22. Try to answer them and then re-read the story to see if you are correct.

- What was the name of Grey Wolf's grand-daughter?
- At first, did Grey Wolf hope for a grand-daughter or a grand-son?
- Who was Laughing Fox?
- What was the name of Laughing Fox's tribe?

\*\*\*\*\*

Here is the memory test for the story on Page 31. Try to answer the questions, then turn back to the story to see if you are right.

- What was the name of Captain Danny's ship?
- Which port did he sail from?
- Who was Captain Danny's sweet-heart?
- What did Captain Danny find on the island?

\*\*\*\*\*

Which is the quicker, "hot" or "cold"?

Answer: "Hot" is quicker, because you can catch cold.

Why is the letter T like an island?

Answer: Because it is in the middle of water.

Why do we know that Robin Hood was an artist?

Answer: Because he was always drawing his bow.

What can you keep after giving it to someone?

Answer: Your promise.

Why is the letter G like the sun?

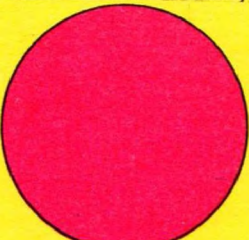
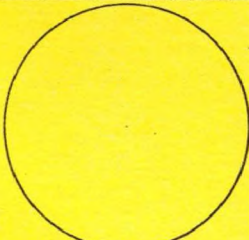
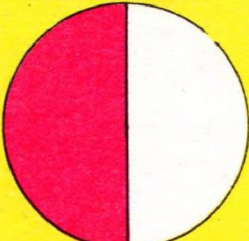
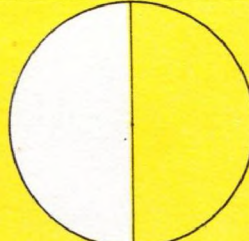
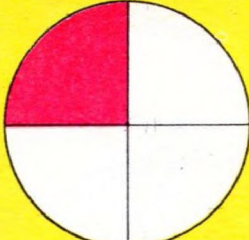
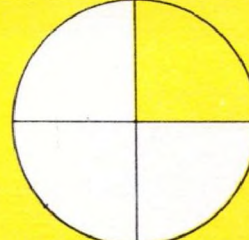
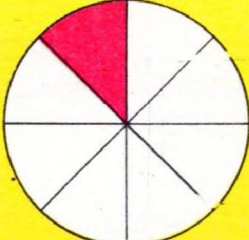
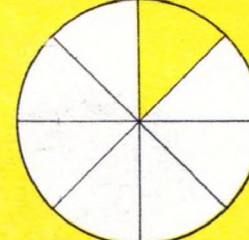
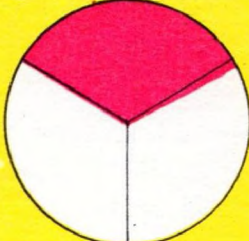
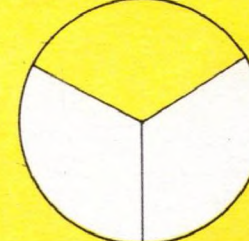
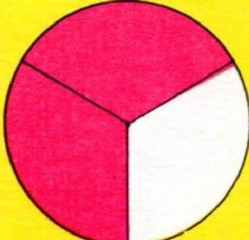
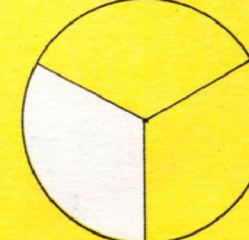
Answer: Because it is the centre of light.



# FUN WITH FRACTIONS

Here is a very easy and interesting way for you to start learning fractions. Supposing you have an orange. This page shows you how to split the orange into halves, quarters, eighths and thirds.

Each part is coloured orange so that it is simple for you to understand. To help you further, take an orange pencil and colour the various parts in the white circle, on the right.

	<b>whole</b>	<b>1</b>	
	<b>half</b>	$\frac{1}{2}$	
	<b>quarter</b>	$\frac{1}{4}$	
	<b>eighth</b>	$\frac{1}{8}$	
	<b>third</b>	$\frac{1}{3}$	
	<b>two thirds</b>	$\frac{2}{3}$	



1. Sometimes called "Man's Best Friend", the dog is surely the most popular of all pet animals. A dog is loving and faithful.



There are many different animals which are great fun to keep as pets. Here are some of them.

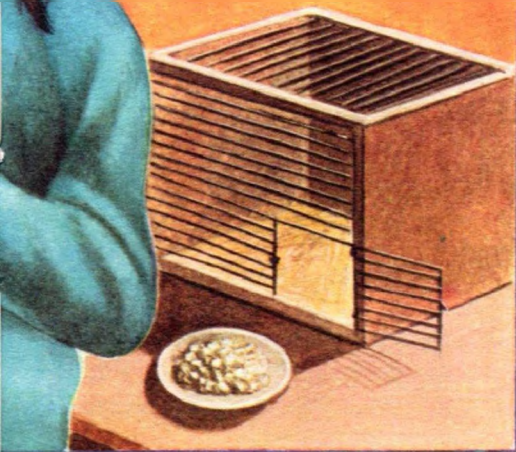
# All Sort

4. There are many different kinds of house cats. They all make excellent pets and are easy to look after.

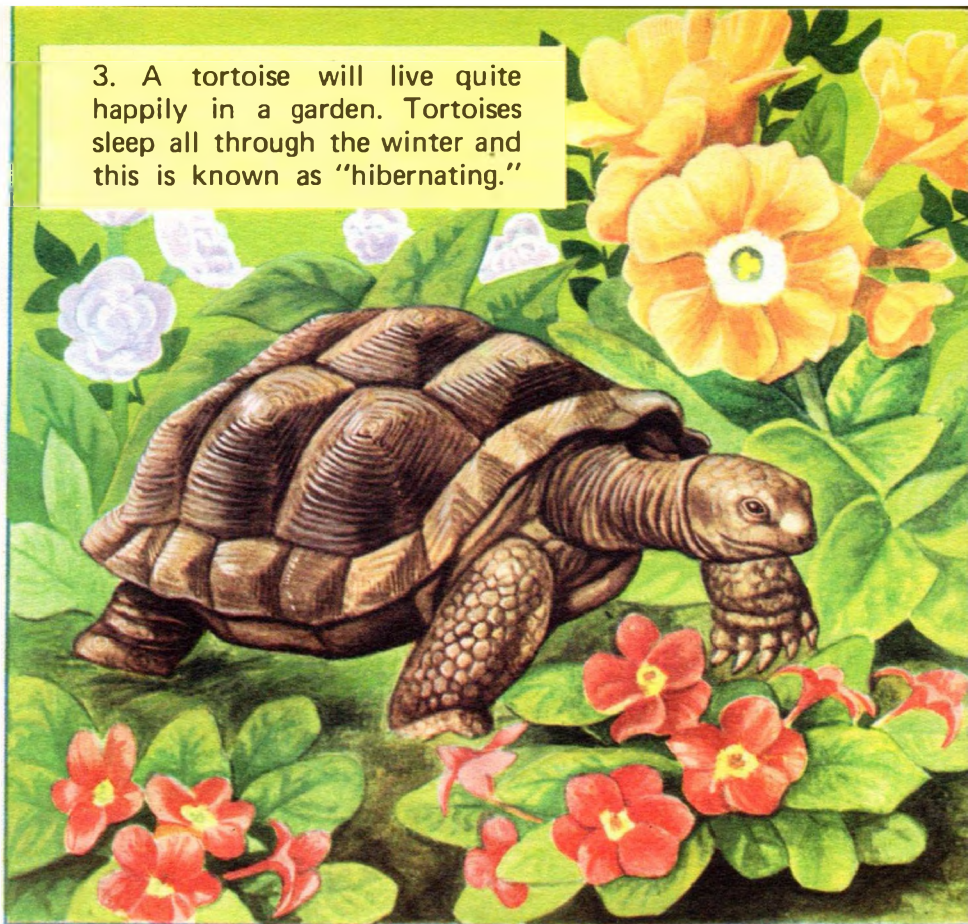




2. This bright-eyed little fellow is a Golden Hamster. Hamsters will eat most foodstuffs and if they are given more than they need they will store the extra food in their cheeks and eat it when they become hungry again.



3. A tortoise will live quite happily in a garden. Tortoises sleep all through the winter and this is known as "hibernating."



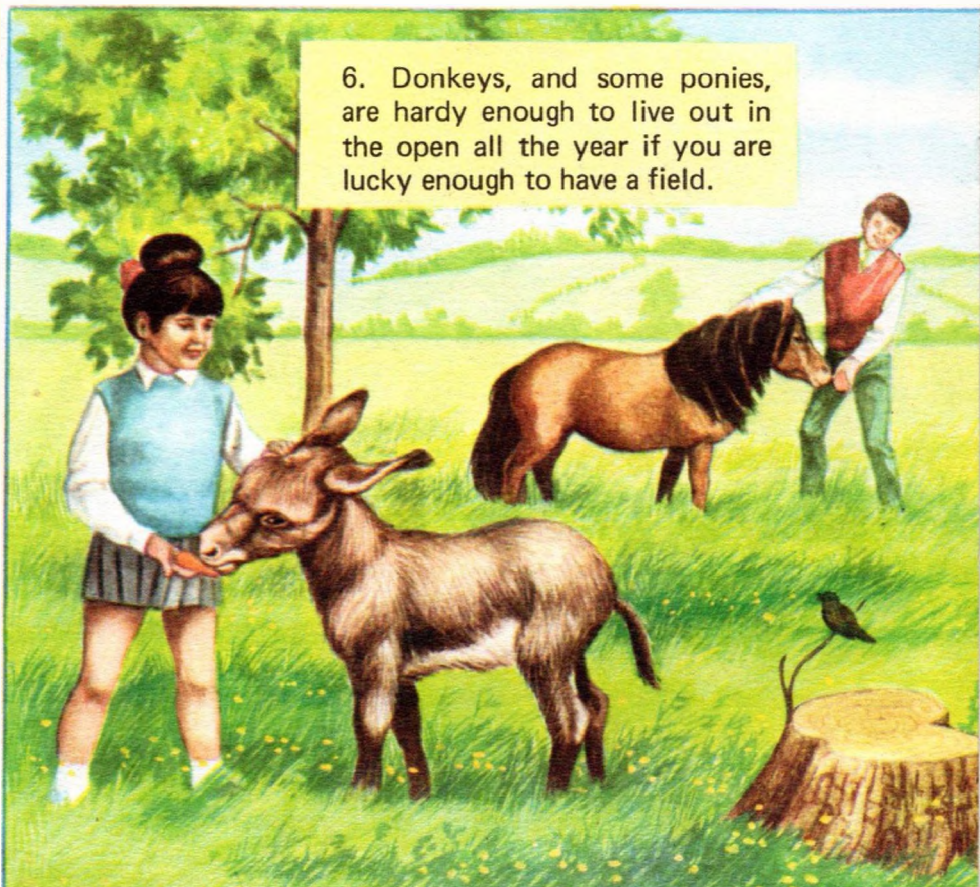
# ts of Pets



5. Rabbits are harmless, friendly and hardy creatures. They can be kept either indoors or out and fed on green-stuff gathered from a garden.

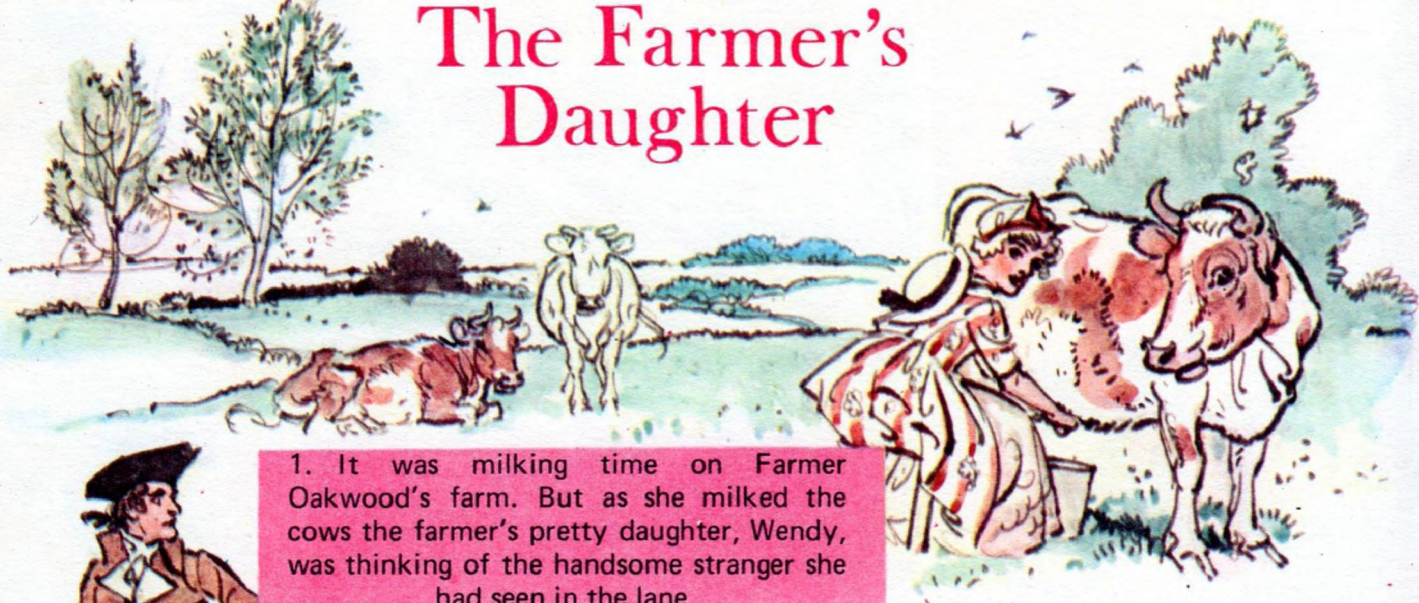


6. Donkeys, and some ponies, are hardy enough to live out in the open all the year if you are lucky enough to have a field.







# The Farmer's Daughter




1. It was milking time on Farmer Oakwood's farm. But as she milked the cows the farmer's pretty daughter, Wendy, was thinking of the handsome stranger she had seen in the lane.



2. The stranger was now wandering across the farm. He paused at the gate. "Why — there is that pretty maid I passed," he exclaimed. "I feared I might never meet her again."

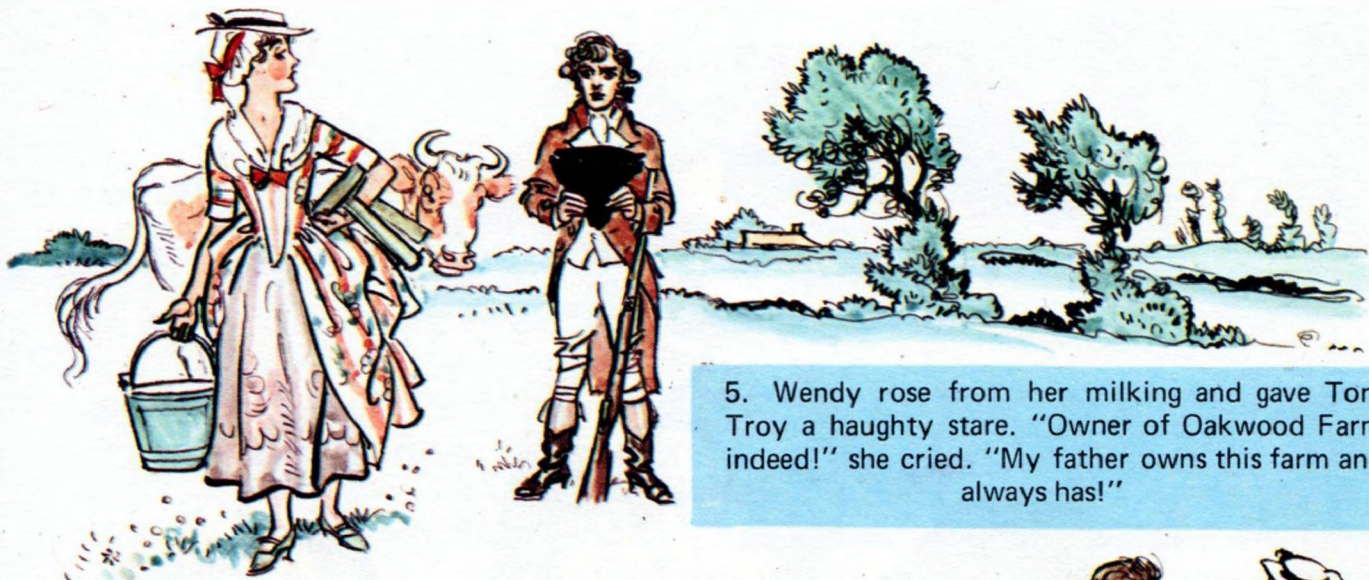


3. Wendy was careful not to let him see that she was just as pleased to see him as he was to see her. "Good afternoon, miss," he smiled. "My name is Tom Troy and I'm the owner of this farm."



4. At his farmhouse Farmer Oakwood was an unhappy man. "Last year's poor harvest left me a ruined man, Dobbin," he told his old horse. "I've sold the farm and kept it a secret from Wendy."





5. Wendy rose from her milking and gave Tom Troy a haughty stare. "Owner of Oakwood Farm indeed!" she cried. "My father owns this farm and always has!"

6. Away stalked Wendy and poor Tom did not know what to do to make amends. He went with her to the farmhouse and there Wendy learned that Tom had bought the manor house, too.



7. "But I shall need someone to run Oakwood Farm for me," said Tom. Farmer Oakwood was delighted to do this. So Tom gained a farm manager and he gained a wife when he and Wendy were wed.





# The Persian Princess





**T**HERE once lived in Persia a Sheikh named Hamid Dareesh. Hamid was the ruler of his tribe and he was both rich and powerful. But of all his treasures the one he prized the most was his beautiful daughter, Amene.

In those days most rulers had a wise man to advise and help them and Hamid had such a man. His name was Zobeed. No-one knew for certain just how old Zobeed was and all the tribe feared him for he always let it be known that he could see into the hearts of people and no thoughts could be kept secret from him.

Zobeed was no more able to do this than any other man, but so long as the tribe *believed* he could do so this gave him power over them.

Zobeed was jealous of Amene because he felt that her influence over the Sheikh was as great as his own and so he resolved to bring about her banishment from the tribe.

He would warn the Sheik that his daughter was deceitful, that she was not to be trusted and so on. At first Hamid refused to believe this, but as time went on he reflected that Zobeed was, after all, a very *wise* man.

"My daughter is to be banished from our tribe," he announced, and Zobeed's evil heart leapt with joy.

Amene loved her father too much to argue with his decision. Mounted on her white pony she sadly set forth with her father and some of his men while Zobeed watched.

Deep in the desert the Sheikh made Amene dismount.

"If you try to return to us your punishment shall be death," he warned her. With that he and his men began the long journey back to their tents, leading Amene's pony.

Zobeed was filled with delight, but his joy was shortlived. For that very evening Amene came stumbling into the encampment.

"Father! Your life is in danger!" she cried. "Not far from where you left me in the desert I came across some men. They did not see me, but I heard them plotting. They have another hundred armed men coming to join them and then they are riding here. They plan to kill you and Zobeed on sight and then take over the tribe!"

"Kill-kill us!" quavered Zobeed. "Then we must fly! Quickly, Hamid!" Hamid looked puzzled.

"But surely you do not believe what Amene says, O wise man?" he asked. "Have you not told me many times that she is unable to speak the truth?"

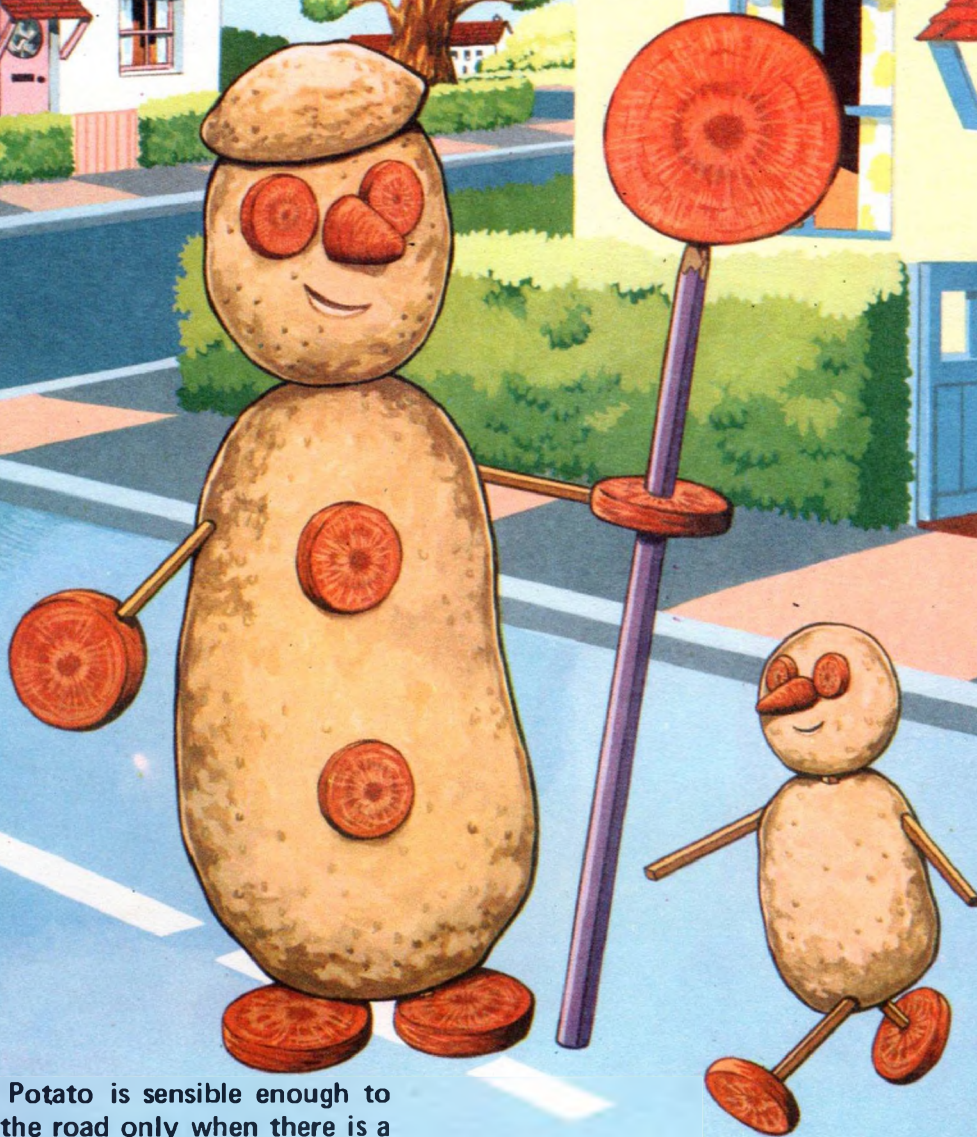
Zobeed knew full well that Amene always spoke only the truth. He hesitated, then ran for his horse, and galloped away.

"He shall never be allowed to return here," said the Sheikh. Then tenderly he kissed his daughter.

"Those men you heard plotting were some of our own people in disguise carrying out my instructions," he explained. "You did not know that, but you risked your own life to come here and warn me. And by his actions Zobeed has shown that he knows you speak only the truth."



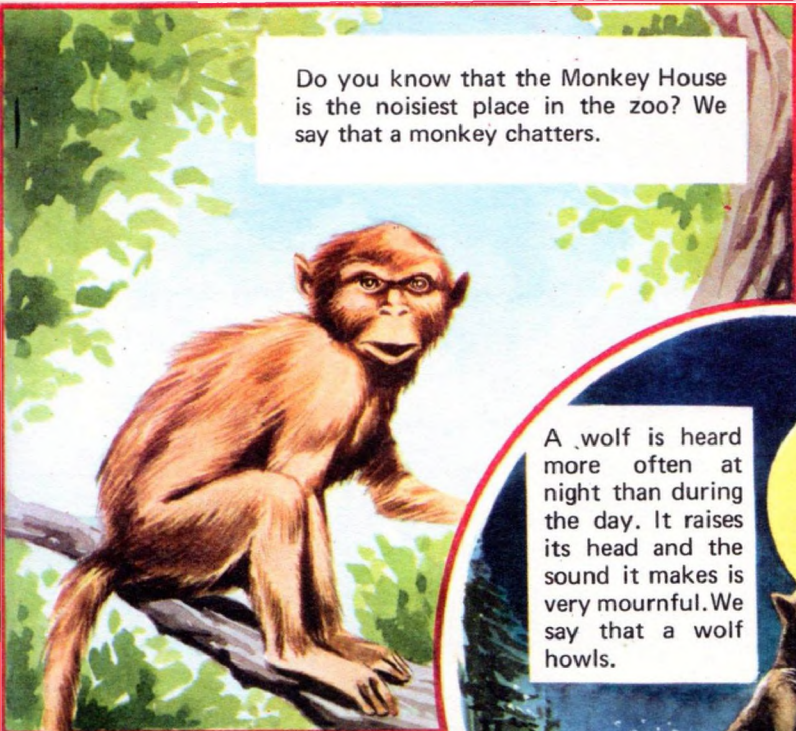
# Peter and Paul Potato




Peter Potato is sensible enough to cross the road only when there is a grown-up like Paul Potato to help him. You can easily make Peter and Paul with potatoes, carrots, match sticks and a pencil.




# The Sounds Animals Make




Do you know that the Monkey House is the noisiest place in the zoo? We say that a monkey chatters.



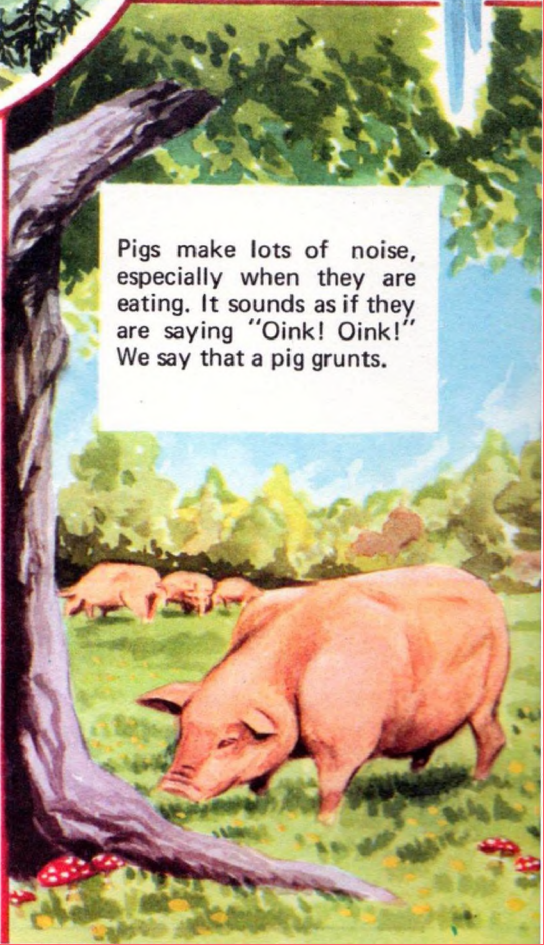
Parrots are clever at imitating human voices, but their natural sound is very harsh and shrill. We say that a parrot squawks.



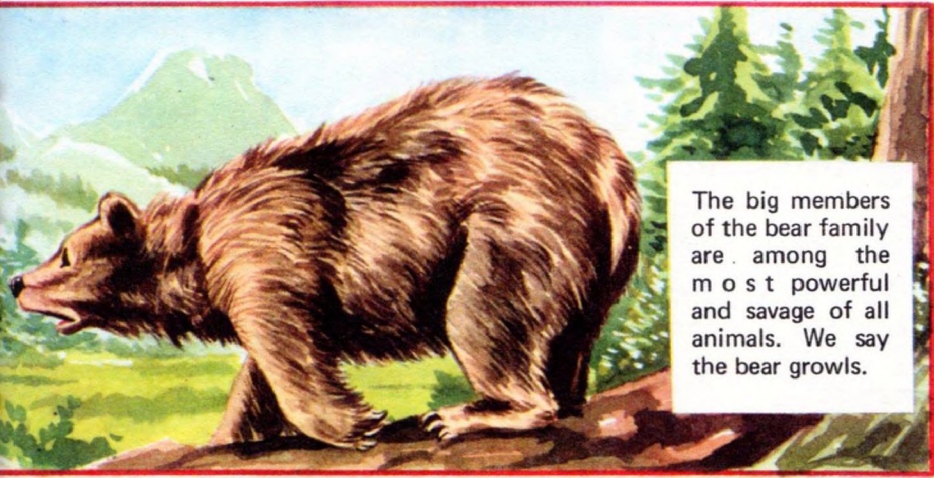
A wolf is heard more often at night than during the day. It raises its head and the sound it makes is very mournful. We say that a wolf howls.



If ever you hear an angry bull it is unlikely you will ever forget. We say that a bull bellows.



Pigs make lots of noise, especially when they are eating. It sounds as if they are saying "Oink! Oink!" We say that a pig grunts.



The big members of the bear family are among the most powerful and savage of all animals. We say the bear growls.

ON PAGE 81 YOU WILL FIND MORE SOUNDS  
THAT ANIMALS MAKE





# *The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse*

The Car Rally. by Barbara Hayes



ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One called Winifred lived in the country and one called Stephanie lived in the town.

Now although the two mice were cousins, they were not a bit alike.

Winifred the country mouse was simple and homely. She made home made cakes and did her own washing in the stream running through her garden. She went to bed early at night.

But Stephanie who lived in the town was very smart and elegant and fashionable.

She liked a gay life, gadding about to parties and going out in the evenings to restaurants and theatres. And as for making her own cakes or doing her own washing, the town mouse wouldn't have dreamed of it.

"Housework is for dreary socks who can't think of anything better to do," she used to laugh, as she dashed out of her home to yet another party with her smart, towny friends.

Now it so happened in the days, when these two mice lived, that cars were just becoming fashionable.

Of course Stephanie's well-dressed boy-friend, Nigel had the most expensive car that could be bought.

How Stephanie used to love it when Nigel drove her shopping in his wonderful car.

She used to wave at all her friends, who either weren't in cars or had much cheaper cars than Nigel's. And if by any chance her friends didn't happen to be looking in her direction, Stephanie made Nigel sound the car horn, so that they would look round and see that Stephanie was in a much better car than they could ever afford.

It all made Stephanie feel wonderful.

Well one day Nigel said to Stephanie, "Would you like to come with me on a car rally?"

Stephanie pricked up her ears and looked interested at once.

"A car rally, Nigel?" she said, "Now let me think, that is where you polish your car up to look its best and I buy a new dress so that I look smarter than all the other girls and then we all go out for a drive in our cars to see who has the most expensive car and which girl is the best dressed? Yes I should love to come with you."

Then the town mouse had second thoughts and said, "That is, I will come if your car is still the most expensive in town. Darling, I just



couldn't bear to come if anyone else were in a more expensive car. I have my reputation to think of you know."

Even Nigel, who was used to Stephanie's ways couldn't help giving a little smile.

"Well I thought car rallies were for us all to enjoy a ride and an afternoon out together with our friends," he smiled, "But of course if you want it to be a competition for smartness, I expect that will be all right."

Stephanie glared at Nigel. "I don't need any of your sarcastic remarks this afternoon, thank you!" she said, "If you are going to talk like that, I won't come with you."

And Nigel, who really loved having Stephanie going out with him and looking prettier than all the other girls, said that he was sorry.

So one lovely sunny afternoon, Nigel called for Stephanie in his lovely car and they went to the town square, where the rally was to start.

There were quite a few other cars there, but none was better than Nigel's.

And there were young lady mice in all the cars, but none of them was as pretty as Stephanie or wearing such a smart dress, so it seemed that everything was set for a really fine afternoon.

Mr. Boon Companion, who had arranged the rally stood up and said, "I have arranged a nice trip out into the country for us to a pretty tea shop, where we can have tea and then drive home again in time for a supper party here at the Golden Whisker Hotel."

So with a tootle-toot-toot on all the car horns off they went.

Out of town and into the country they drove, until they came to the little village, where Mr. Boon Companion had arranged for them to have tea.

It was just unfortunate for Stephanie that this was the village where her cousin Winifred lived.

Now in those days to see several cars driving along together was quite unusual and as soon as the country folk heard the tootle-toot-toot of the car horns and the poppety-pop-pop, grunt-grunt of the car engines, they all came running to the side of the road to watch.

And right in the front row of those watching, were the country mouse, Winifred and her boyfriend Bertie.

"Just look at the grand ladies in their fine dresses!" smiled Winifred.

"And just look at those fast cars," said Bertie her boyfriend, "They make my old bicycle look a bit behind the times, don't they Winnie my love?"

Then Winifred took a harder look at the grand ladies in the cars and she said, "Why if it isn't our Stephanie in the biggest car of all. And dressed up like a duchess she is too."

And Winifred called out: "Stephanie! Look over here! It's me. Winifred! Your country cousin!"

Stephanie was *horrified!*

You see, first of all, she just couldn't bear to be called *Stephanie*. She thought it was such an old



fashioned name and she had told all her smart, town friends that her name was *Steve*.

Then on top of that, Stephanie — I beg her pardon — *Steve* couldn't bear her smart friends to learn that a homely looking little thing like Winifred could *possibly* be her cousin.

At first Stephanie — I mean *Steve* — pretended not to hear Winnie.

But of course Nigel had to say in a loud voice, "I say *Steve* old thing! That little mouse in the hand knitted jumper is calling to you!

*Steve* glared at Nigel with a look that was enough to singe his fur.

"*I know!*" snapped Stephanie — I mean *Steve*, "And it's bad enough that she *is* wearing that dowdy hand knitted jumper, without you shouting *out* about it at the *top* of your *voice*. And it's bad enough that you should call me a *thing* — but if you ever call me *old* thing again — I shall just box your ears for you my lad."

When *Steve* spoke like that Nigel knew that it was best not to answer.

But of course by then the damage was done. All the cars had stopped and the other town mice who were jealous of Stephanie because she always looked nicer than they did were crowding round Winifred saying:

"Oh you are *Steve's* cousin are you? And her name is really Stephanie is it? How *very* interesting?

It was then that Stephanie — who was really quite clever — had one of her brilliant ideas.

"Have you made your usual home made cakes this week?" she managed to whisper to Winifred. And when Winifred nodded her head, Stephanie

— I mean *Steve* said in a loud voice.

"Listen everyone. I want you to know that I have arranged a very special treat for you this afternoon. Instead of having tea at the tea rooms, I have arranged for my cousin here to cook you some of her delicious country bake cakes. Made from a secret recipe handed down from mother to daughter for hundreds of years.

"Now I know to look at Winifred here, you might not think that she was anything special, in fact you might even think that it is her *clothes* that have been handed down from mother to daughter for hundreds of years, instead of her cake recipes, but I can assure you she is the most wonderful cook in the world, and having tea at her house will be a real treat for you."

So Stephanie took all the town folk to tea at Winifred's house and managed to persuade them that it had all been arranged deliberately.

And as Winifred was so good natured she didn't mind having all her cakes eaten up.

As the town folk went back home they had to admit that they had had a wonderful tea — because Winifred's cakes really were very nice.

Only Bertie said to Winifred, "I didn't like the way our Stephanie talked about your clothes being hundreds of years old Winifred my old dear."

But good natured Winifred just smiled and said, "Oh Stephanie will have her little joke. And now I must get on with baking some more cakes or there will be nothing for our tea!"





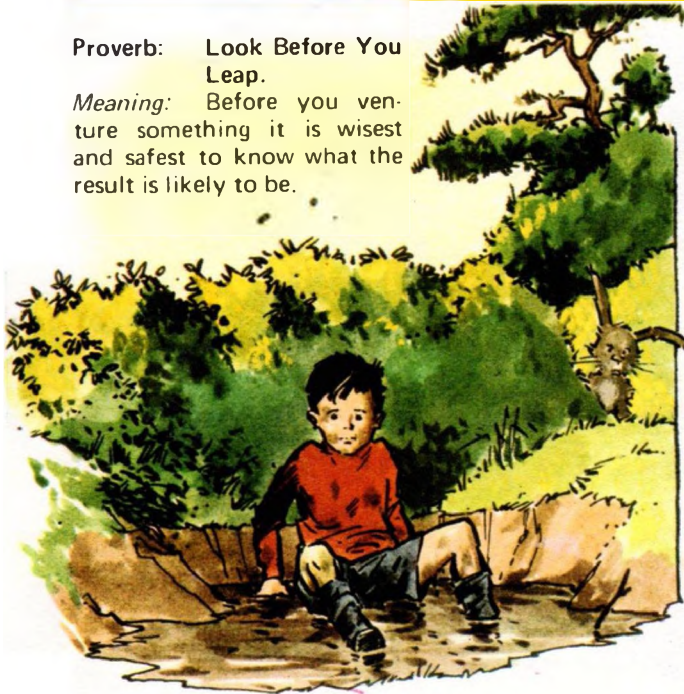


# A Page of Proverbs

A proverb is a well-known saying. Here are four of them.

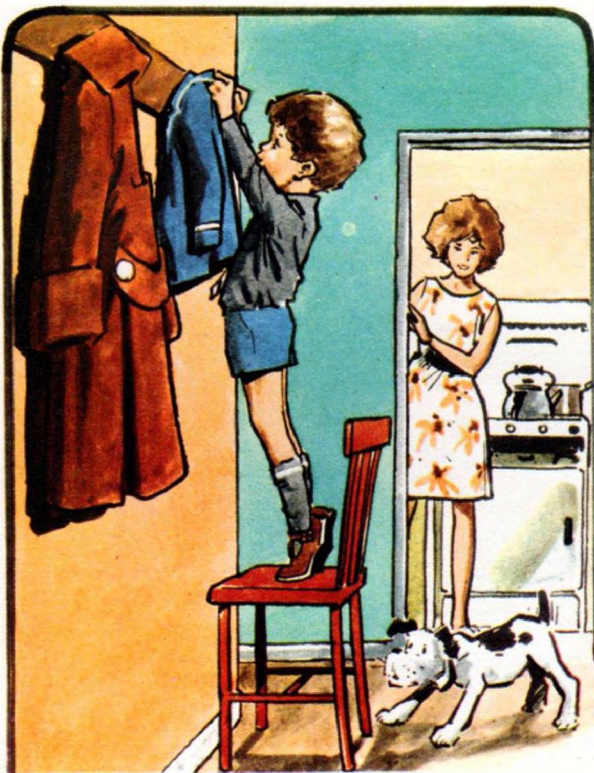
**Proverb:** Look Before You Leap.

**Meaning:** Before you venture something it is wisest and safest to know what the result is likely to be.



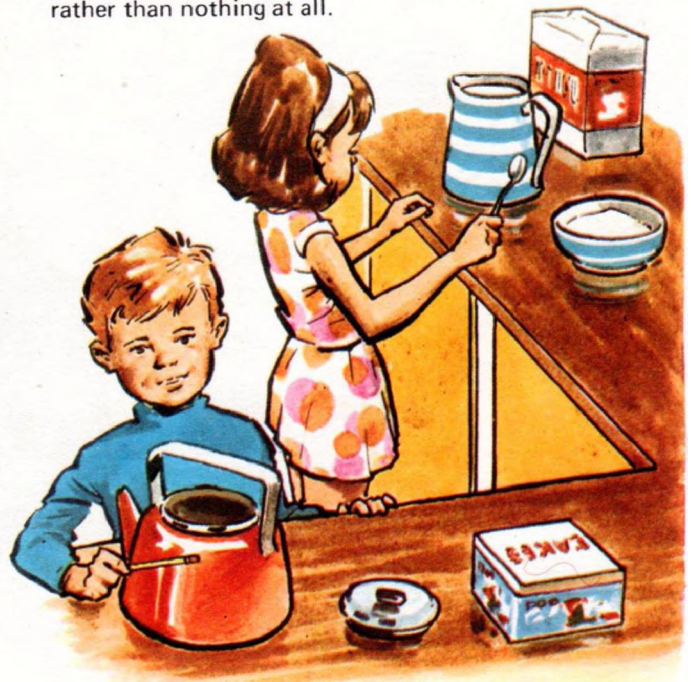
**Proverb:** Half a Loaf is better than no Bread.

**Meaning:** It is far better to have at least something rather than nothing at all.



**Proverb:** Where There is a Will There is a Way.

**Meaning:** This is a very good proverb to remember. It means that if there is something you really want to do you will usually find a way to do it. This little boy is too small to reach the coat hook so he stands on a chair.



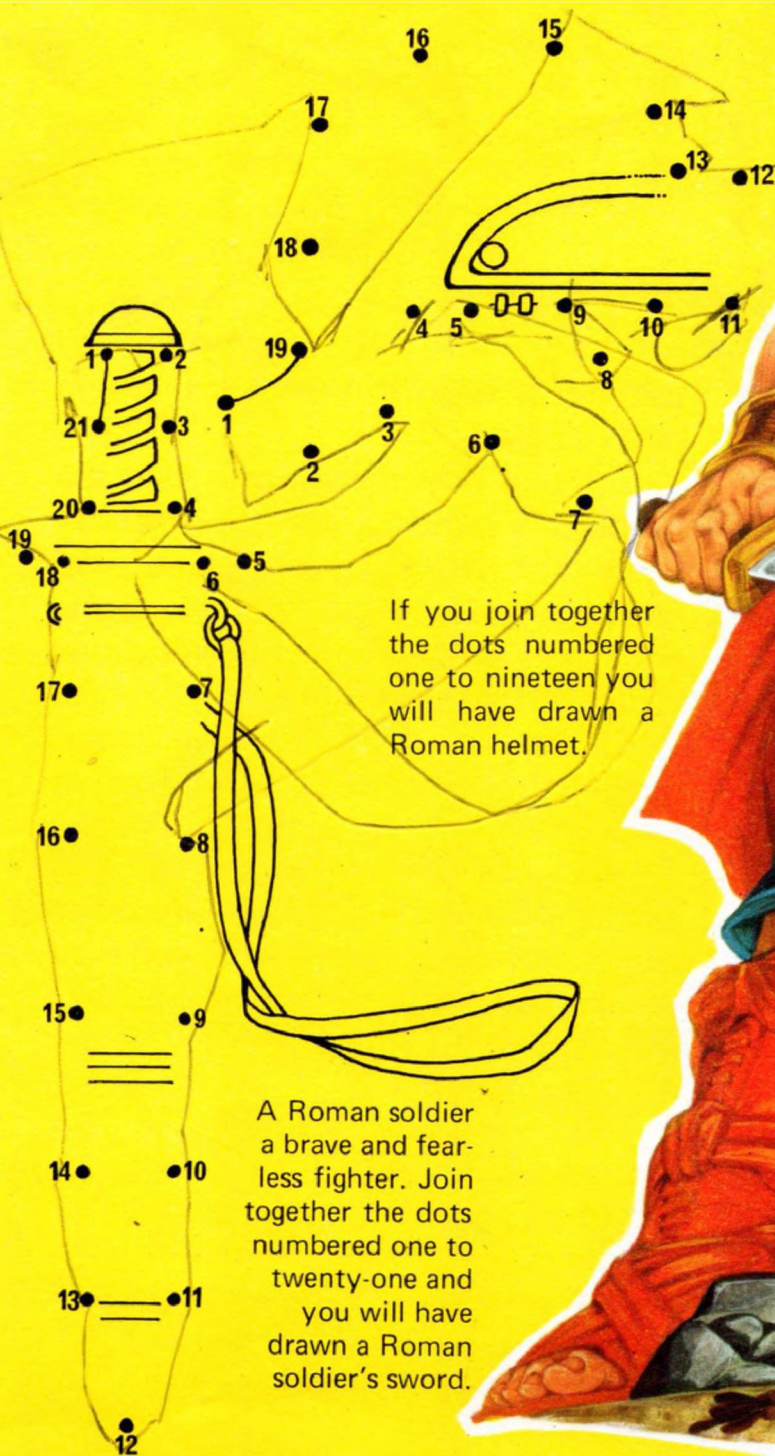
**Proverb:** Empty Vessels Make the Most Sound.

**Meaning:** "Vessel" is a name for something which holds water. If you tap a kettle or a jug it will make more noise when it is empty than when it is full. The proverb means that it is usually the people with the least in their heads who have the most to say.



# The Roman Soldier

More than two thousand years ago the Romans were the most powerful nation in the world. Roman soldiers roamed great distances, conquering lands as far apart as Britain and parts of Africa. This picture shows what a high-ranking officer in the Roman Army looked like.



If you join together the dots numbered one to nineteen you will have drawn a Roman helmet.

A Roman soldier a brave and fearless fighter. Join together the dots numbered one to twenty-one and you will have drawn a Roman soldier's sword.







## *The Nightingale*

**L**ONG, long ago there was an Emperor of China who lived in a palace more magnificent than any other in the world.

The walls were made of the finest marble and the gardens were filled with the scent of rare and beautiful flowers, above which fluttered brightly coloured butterflies, and birds with feathers of such brilliant colours that they dazzled the eyes of the beholder.

Beyond the gardens was a forest of lofty trees which stretched as far as a lake of blue water, so deep and so huge that great ships could sail there right under the branches of the trees. And in those trees lived a nightingale. It was very rare for anyone from the Emperor's palace to wander as far as the forest and then through the trees to the lake. And so it was only the fishermen who knew of the nightingale and how it made

the forest beautiful with the sound of its singing.

But one day there came into the Emperor's hands a book written by a traveller from a far-off land who had once visited the Emperor's palace and then written of the wondrous things he had seen there.

As he sat in his golden chair, reading the book the Emperor nodded his head in agreement at the descriptions of the palace and the gardens. Then he came to a sentence which puzzled him. The sentence read: "But of all the Emperor's treasures the greatest by far is the nightingale."

The Emperor called for his gentleman-in-waiting.

"It seems that I have a most remarkable bird called a nightingale," he said. "I wish to have it brought here this evening to sing for me."

The gentleman-in-waiting was



most surprised. He was a most important gentleman and had always felt quite sure that he knew everything. But he had never heard of the nightingale.

Up and down the palace he went, through the hundreds of rooms asking if anyone could tell him anything about a bird called a nightingale. But nobody could help him.

Then a humble little kitchen maid asked to speak to him.

"I know of the nightingale," she claimed.

So the little kitchen maid was commanded to take the gentleman-in-waiting to the nightingale.

Half the Emperor's court came with them as the girl led them into the forest. As they reached it a cow

began to moo from nearby.

"Ah!" cried the court page. "I can hear the nightingale singing."

"No," said the girl. "That's a cow."

They went on a little further and drew near a pond in which some frogs were croaking.

"Beautiful!" sighed the Master of the Imperial Household. "Do you hear it?"

"No," said the little kitchen maid. "That's the frogs."

On they went, deep into the forest and then the nightingale began to sing.

"There it is!" said the girl. And she pointed to a little grey bird perched in the branches of a tree.

The distinguished gentleman-in-





waiting frowned.

"But it looks so *ordinary!*" he complained.

"Little nightingale," called out the kitchen maid. "Our most gracious Emperor wishes you to come to his palace and sing for him."

"My song sounds best in the green forest," answered the nightingale. "But if the Emperor wishes me to sing for him I shall do so."

In the palace all had been made ready, and in the middle of the great hall a golden perch had been placed for the nightingale to sit upon. All the court was there, and even the kitchen maid had been allowed to stand just inside the door.

Then the nightingale began his song. And as the little bird's glorious notes filled the palace with sweet sound tears came to the Emperor's eyes and trickled down his cheeks. For the pure beauty of the music had gone straight to his heart in a way that he had never known before.

It was decided that the nightingale should remain at court. A beautiful cage was made for it and twice a day it was taken out into the air. Twelve servants went with it, each holding a silken cord tied around one of the bird's legs.

The fame of the nightingale spread until it was known throughout all China and lands beyond. Each day there arrived at the palace paintings of the nightingale (much more brightly-coloured than the real nightingale) and stories and poems written in honour of the Emperor's bird.

When a parcel arrived one morning the Emperor thought it was another book about his famous bird. But within the parcel was a box and within the box was a little clockwork nightingale studded with diamonds and rubies and other precious stones.

Wonderingly the Emperor wound up the clockwork toy and at once it sang one of the pieces which the real nightingale sang.

"How lovely it is!" cried all the members of the Emperor's court. "Now the Emperor has *two* nightingales, and they can sing together."

And so they had to sing together. But although the real nightingale tried its hardest, it just would not go right. For the real nightingale sang in its own time, just as all birds do, and the clockwork nightingale sang in waltz-time.

In the end the clockwork bird was allowed to sing by itself. Soon the whole court agreed that it sang just as well as the real bird and that, with its diamonds and rubies and sapphires, it looked very much better.

Even after singing the same piece three-and-thirty times it was not in the least bit tired. The court would have heard it yet again, but the Emperor thought the real bird should now be allowed to sing a little.

But the real bird was no longer there. While everyone had been busy praising the clockwork bird it had flown through the open window and back to the green forest.

"But it matters not," the important people of the court told the Emperor.







"For the clockwork bird you now have is much better."

The Emperor allowed himself to be persuaded that this was so. Up and down the land the news was proclaimed of the Emperor's wonderful new nightingale and the people were allowed once a week to come and hear it sing.

"It's a beautiful song," they all decided.

But the fishermen, who had heard the real nightingale, said to themselves:

"It makes a pretty sound, and it is rather like the song of the real nightingale. But there is something missing."

And so it went on for a whole year. The clockwork nightingale sang and sang and the Emperor and his court knew off by heart every note and every trill its song contained.

But one evening when the

bird was in full song and the Emperor was listening to it something inside the bird went "Ping!" and the music ceased.

The Emperor called for his physician, but he could do nothing. Then he called for his clockmaker. The clockmaker took the bird to pieces and examined the little wheels and springs inside it. At last he got it to go but he warned the Emperor that it was so badly worn that it would never sound quite the same again and it must not be allowed to sing more than once a year.

Five years passed and the Emperor grew older and sadder and no-one was surprised when one day he was unable to get out of bed.

The physician examined him but came out shaking his head and everyone knew that the Emperor was dying.

Each day the Emperor grew weaker





and at last it was decided that a new Emperor must be chosen.

Whilst this was being done the old Emperor was left alone in his bed chamber. His eyes were closed, his cheeks were as pale as paper and he was hardly breathing.

With a great effort he opened his eyes and looked at the clockwork nightingale which stood close by.

"If I could but hear your song," he said. But the bird stayed silent, for there was no-one to wind it.

Then the Emperor heard a sound so sweet that it seemed not to belong to this earth. There by the open window was perched the real nightingale, and as its glorious notes filled the room so the Emperor's strength returned.

The Emperor gave orders for the search for a new Emperor to be abandoned then he turned to the little nightingale.

"How foolish I was to think that a clockwork toy could imitate the beauty of your song," he said. "You shall stay in the palace for always."

"No," said the nightingale. "I cannot make my home happily in the palace but let me come each evening to sing for you at your window. For if I am free I can sing to you of the world's happiness and the world's sorrows, of high-born lords and ladies and humble fishermen and labourers, for without these things my song will surely lose some of its beauty."

And the great Emperor, who had learnt a new wisdom from a little bird, agreed.







# BRER RABBIT

Brer Wolf is caught under a rock.

by Barbara Hayes

**N**OW in the other Brer Rabbit story in this book, I told you how Brer Rabbit built a steeple, but I haven't told you yet how Brer Rabbit got old Brer Wolf out of a mighty bad fix.

Well it was this way. One day Brer Rabbit was galloping along the road, when he thought he heard something.

He stopped and looked, but he didn't see anybody.

Then he stopped and listened and he heard a voice calling:

"Oh Lordy! Lordy! Won't somebody come and help me?"

Brer Rabbit went on listening, till he heard the voice again:

"Oh Lordy! Lordy! Please, somebody come and help me."

Brer Rabbit hoisted up his long ears, he did and he replied:

"Who are you anyhow and what in the name of goodness is the matter?"

"Please somebody do come here," came the reply.

Brer Rabbit stood on three legs ready to run off if he saw any danger and he called back:

"Whereabouts are you and how did you get there?"

Back came the reply:

"Do please somebody run here and help a poor miserable creature. I'm down here in the big gully under this great big rock."

So Brer Rabbit crept to the big gully and looked in and who in the name of goodness do you think he saw down there?

Who was it but old Brer Wolf. He was lying there in the big gully and goodness gracious what was on top of him but a great big rock. How it was that the rock hadn't squashed him flat I don't know, because it was a mighty big one.

So Brer Rabbit, he held up his coat tails and slid down the bank to see what he could do to help.

He pulled and tugged at the big rock until at last he lifted it up and Brer Wolf was free.

But Brer Rabbit should have known better than to have helped a wicked creature like Brer Wolf.

No sooner was Brer Wolf free than he grabbed hold of Brer Rabbit and held him tight.







Brer Rabbit squealed: "Well then, Brer Wolf! Is this the way you thank me for helping you?"

Brer Wolf gave a big grin and he said:

"I'll thank you Brer Rabbit and then I'll make rabbit stew of you."

Brer Rabbit said: "If you talk that way, Brer Wolf, I will never do you a good turn again, not as long as I live."

Brer Wolf, he grinned some more and he said, "That you won't Brer Rabbit. That you won't."

Then Brer Rabbit thought very quickly and he said:

"Where I come from, Brer Wolf, it's against the law for folks to kill anyone who has done them a good

turn. And I expect the law is just the same in these parts."

Well Brer Wolf, he wasn't very sure about what was the law and what wasn't the law, so Brer Rabbit said:

"If you are willing, Brer Wolf, why don't we go and put the whole case before Brer Terrapin?"

And Brer Wolf, he said he was agreeable.

With that Brer Wolf and Brer Rabbit set off to find Brer Terrapin and when they found him, they told him what had happened.

Old Brer Terrapin, he put on his spectacles and he cleared his throat and he said:

"This all seems a very mixed up





affair and before I can say the right or the wrong of it, I shall have to go and see where it all happened."

And before we go any further, friends, remember that Brer Terrapin was a friend of Brer Rabbit's.

Well the three animals went back to the big gully and Brer Terrapin walked round and he poked at the place where Brer Wolf had lain.

Then he said, "I hate to put you two gentlemen to so much trouble, but there are no two ways about it, I shall have to see exactly how the rock was laying on Brer Wolf before I can say the rights or the wrongs of the case."

So then Brer Wolf, he lay down where he had been when Brer Rabbit found him and Brer Rabbit rolled the rock back over him just as it had been.

So there was Brer Wolf stuck under the rock again.

Brer Terrapin, he walked all round and round and looked at Brer Wolf. Then he sat down, he did and started making marks in the sand with his walking stick.

By and by Brer Wolf he said:

"Oh Brer Terrapin! This rock is getting mighty heavy!"

Brer Terrapin, he went on scribbling in the sand and thinking and thinking.

Brer Wolf shouted:

"Brer Terrapin! This rock is squashing the breath out of me."

Then Brer Terrapin, he sat back; he did and he said:

"Brer Rabbit, you were in the wrong. You had no business to come bothering round Brer Wolf, when he

wasn't interfering with you. He was minding his own business and you ought to have been attending to yours."

This made Brer Rabbit look ashamed of himself, but Brer Terrapin went on.

"When you was going down this road this morning, you must have been going somewhere. Well wherever it was, you just get along there. Brer Wolf, he wasn't going anywhere and he isn't going anywhere now. You found him under that rock and you just leave him under that rock now."

So Brer Rabbit and Brer Terrapin went off in safety and Brer Wolf didn't eat Brer Rabbit that day. He had to stay under the rock till Brer Bear came by and let him loose.

**When does a sheep become green?**

*Answer:* When it is turned into a field.

**Why is a rainy day like a lion with the tooth-ache?**

*Answer:* One pours with rain and the other roars with pain.

**What coat is always put on when wet?**

*Answer:* A coat of paint.

**What is the difference between a hungry man and one who is always eating?**

*Answer:* One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

**Why are the letters N and O the most important?**

*Answer:* Because we cannot get ON without them.

**Should you stir your tea with your right hand or your left?**

*Answer:* Neither. You should stir it with a spoon.

**How should you dress on a cold day?**

*Answer:* As quickly as possible.



# The Woodpecker



The woodpecker is so called because it pecks at trees with its strong sharply-pointed beak in order to extract insects with its long barbed tongue. It is able to thrust forward its tongue to a considerable distance. Notice how the woodpecker's feet are different from those of most other birds. These strong feet enable the woodpecker to climb and cling onto the trunks

of trees. Our picture shows, on the left, the Green Woodpecker, which is common in the midlands and in the south of England. In the centre is the Great Spotted Woodpecker and to the right the Lesser Spotted Woodpecker. These are smaller and less common. The bird at the bottom of the picture is a young Great Spotted Woodpecker.



# More Sounds Animals Make

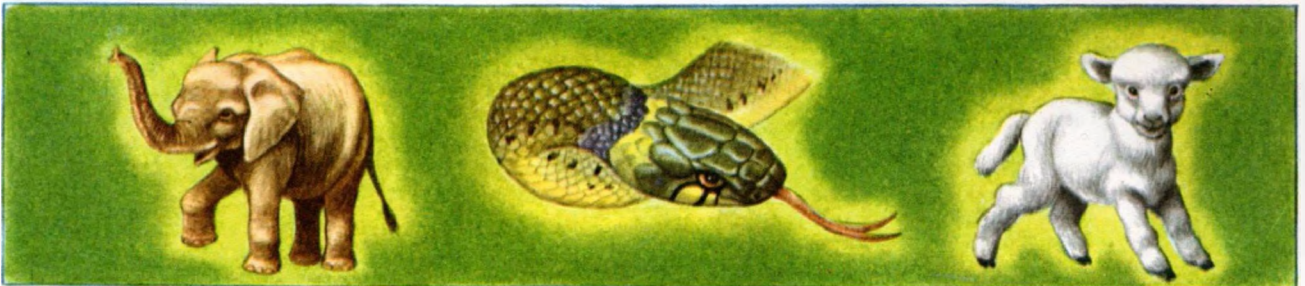
Different kinds of animals and birds make different kinds of sounds. We say that people "speak". Here are the words we use to describe the sounds that some animals make.



The Horse neighs.

The Crow caws.

The Lion roars.



The Elephant trumpets.

The Snake hisses.

The Lamb bleats.



The Cat mews.

The Owl hoots.

The Dog barks



The Mandarin Duck whistles.

The Donkey brays.

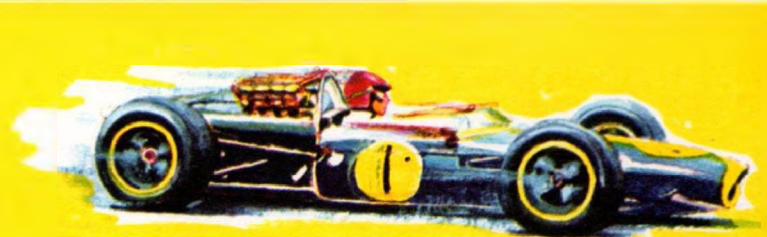
The Hen cackles





# ***The Great Race***





This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then try to answer the questions which you will find on page 91.

**T**HIS is another Danny Dream-a-Day story. Have *you* ever dreamed you were a racing driver? Danny did, and Danny's dreams always seem more real than the dreams most people have.

It was the day of the great hundred mile race and of all the people at the circuit no-one was more excited than Danny. This was because for many months Danny had been helping his friend Barry Carlotti to prepare Barry's wonderful red racing car for the great day.

Barry Carlotti was one of the most famous racing drivers in the world and he was hoping that his new car would be successful in the race. Only Barry and Danny knew very much about the new car for everything about it had been kept very secret. It was known as the Carlotti Special.

But just before the race was due to begin a terrible thing happened. Barry Carlotti was walking towards the car when he trod in a patch of oil. He slipped and fell and his face twisted in pain.

"It's my ankle," he said as he slowly pulled himself off the ground. "I must have wrenched it. I can't walk. And what is more, I shan't be able to drive in the race today."

After so many months of work the racing driver was bitterly disappointed, but there was nothing he could do. And no-one could take his place because there was no other

driver who knew anything about the Special.

And so Barry Carlotti was forced to watch all the other cars start off when the race began, while the Special remained where it was.

But there was *one* person who *did* know all about the Special, and that was Danny.

"No-one will allow a boy to drive in an important motor race," decided Danny.

But the more he thought about it the more he wanted to prove that the Special really was a fine car. So when no-one was watching he slipped into the driving seat and started the engine.

"Stop!" everyone shouted. But it was too late, for already Danny was roaring off along the track.

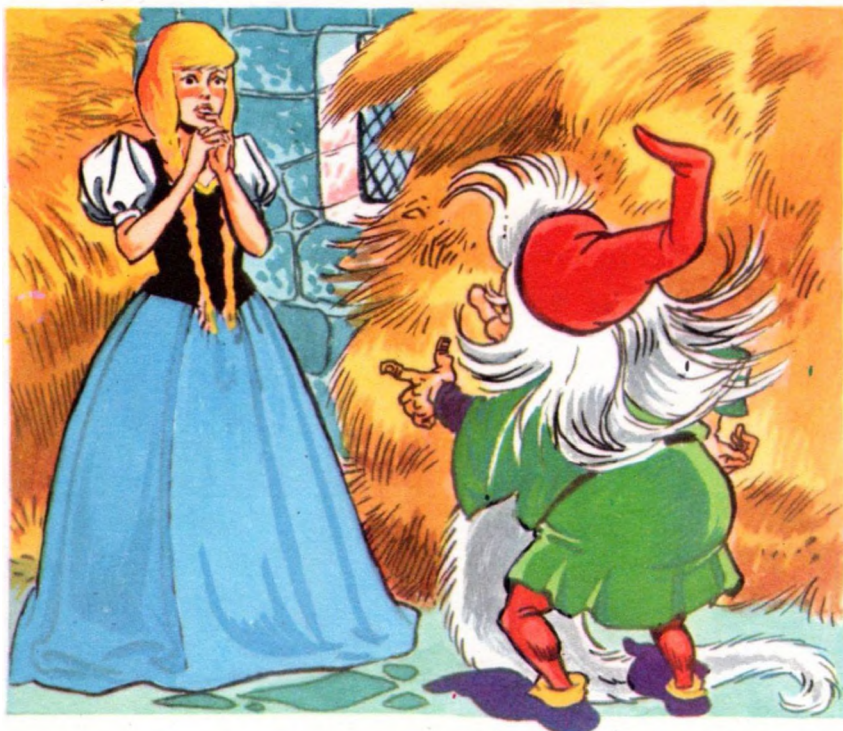
All the other cars had a good start, but the Special seemed to know that something extra was needed from it. One after another the other cars were overtaken until only one car remained ahead of Danny.

It was the final lap of the race, and still the other car led.

"Come on, Special. You can do it!" muttered Danny. Of course, motor-cars can't *hear* or *understand*, but just the same the Special went even faster still. It drew level with the other car, went past it and then flashed past the black and yellow flag.

The Special had won, and it was a special day for Danny, too.





25. Suddenly the little dwarf appeared and asked Anna what she would give him in return for spinning the straw into gold. But poor Anna had nothing to give. The dwarf thought for a moment and then his eyes gleamed.



26. "You must promise to give me your first born child," he decided. Anna could do nothing but agree and so the dwarf sat at the spinning wheel and the straw was spun into gold.



27. And so it was that Anna became the king's bride.





28. A year passed and each day brought new happiness to each of them. Then came the happiest day of all when Anna gave birth to a baby boy. "He shall be called 'John'," declared the king.

29. The baby grew into a happy, sturdy infant and Anna loved him as deeply as she loved her husband. And in her great happiness the young queen forgot completely about the strange dwarf who had spun straw into gold.



30. But the dwarf had not forgotten. One day, as the queen was walking in the palace gardens, he appeared before her and demanded the baby. "Please! Please don't take my child from me!" Anna pleaded, her eyes filled with tears.



31. "You shall keep your child, but only if you can guess my name before three days have passed," the dwarf decided. Anna's tears ceased, for this seemed a simple task. "Is your name David? Michael? Robert?" she asked.





32. But to every name that Anna put to him the dwarf shook his head and roared with laughter. "You'll never guess! You'll never guess!" he cried. Then away he went and Anna knew that she had only two days left in which to guess.

33. "It must be a most unusual name," Anna said to herself. "But I *must* guess what it is or the dwarf will claim my baby." That night she lay awake for a long time, trying to think of as many strange names as she could.

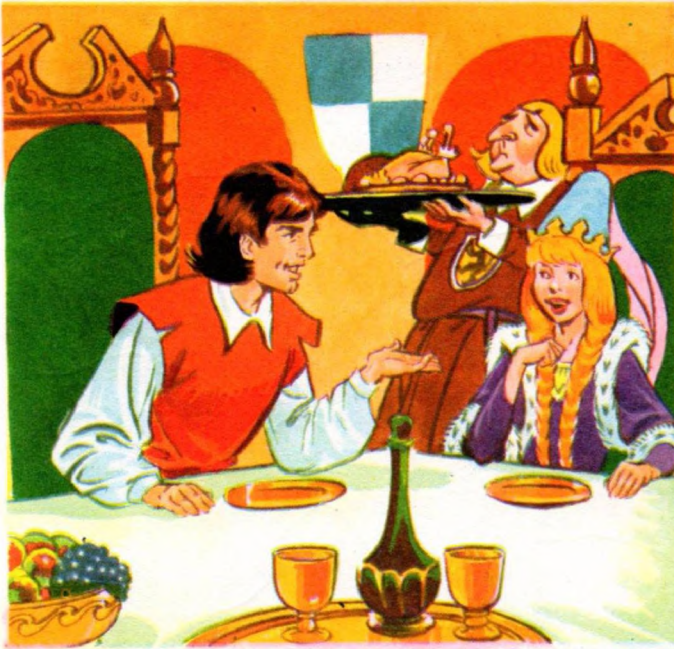


34. The next day the dwarf appeared again and asked Anna to try once more to guess his name. "Is it Benjamin? Or Ebenezer? Or Caractacus?" she asked. But the dwarf shook his head and laughed. "You'll never guess!" he cried.



35. That night Anna could not sleep. "What can I do?" she thought broken-heartedly as she lovingly cradled her baby in her arms the next morning. "If I cannot guess the dwarf's name today then I shall lose you forever!"

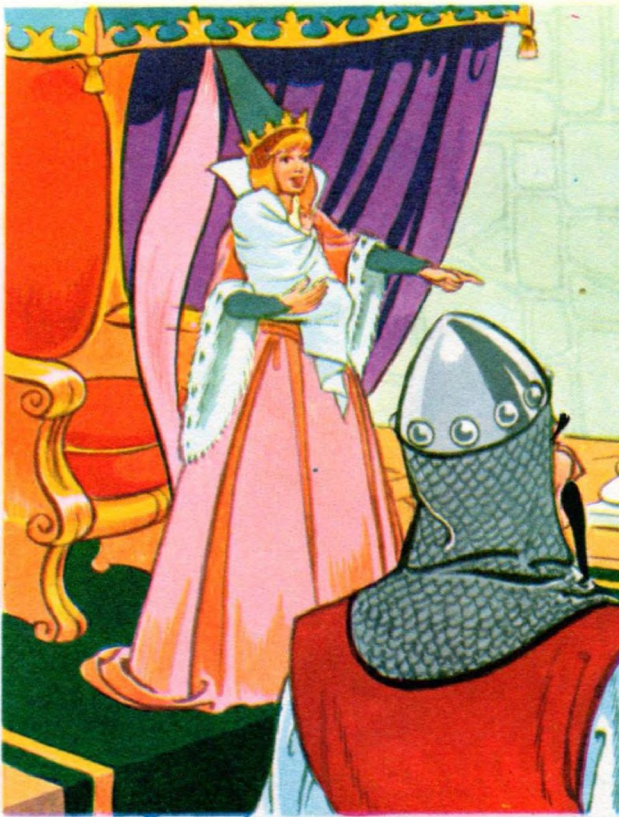




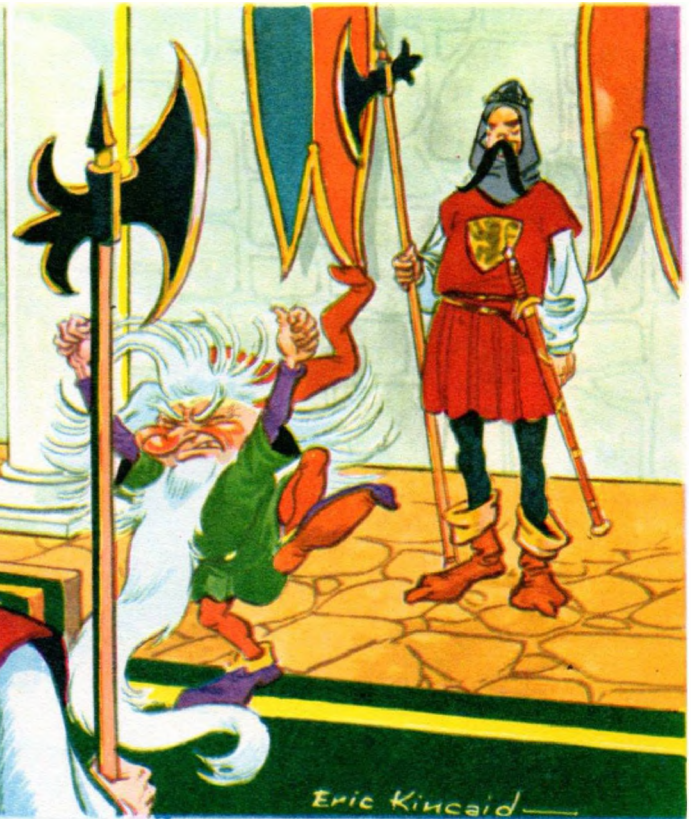
36. But that day the king had an amusing story to tell. "Whilst I was out hunting I saw a strange little dwarf in the forest," he said. "The dwarf was singing: "My name is Rumpelstiltskin" Anna's heart leapt.



37. That evening the dwarf returned to Anna for the third time. "Is your name Harry? Is it Richard? Is it Peter?" Anna asked. "No, no!" laughed the dwarf, and he reached out to take the baby from Anna.



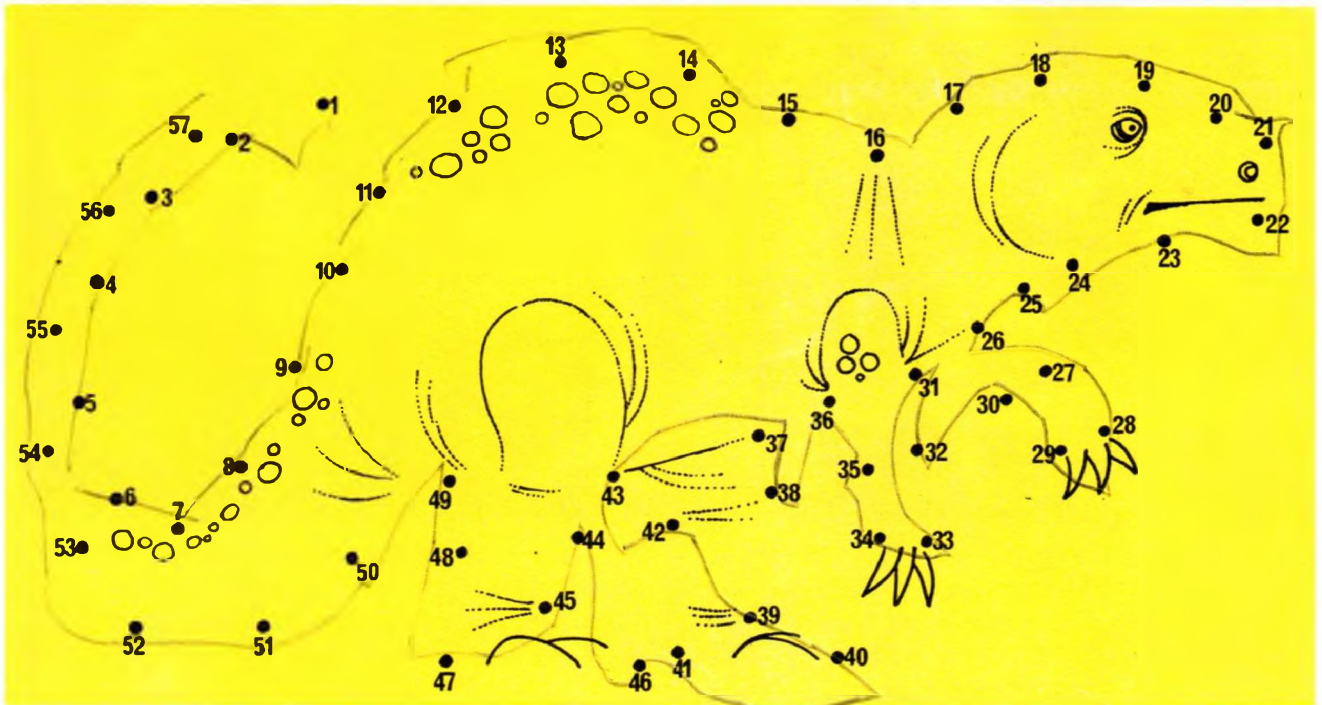
38. Of course, Anna had been teasing the dwarf and now she said: "Is your name . . . . Rumpelstiltskin?" Nobody could look more astonished than the dwarf did at that moment. "H-how did you guess?" he stammered.



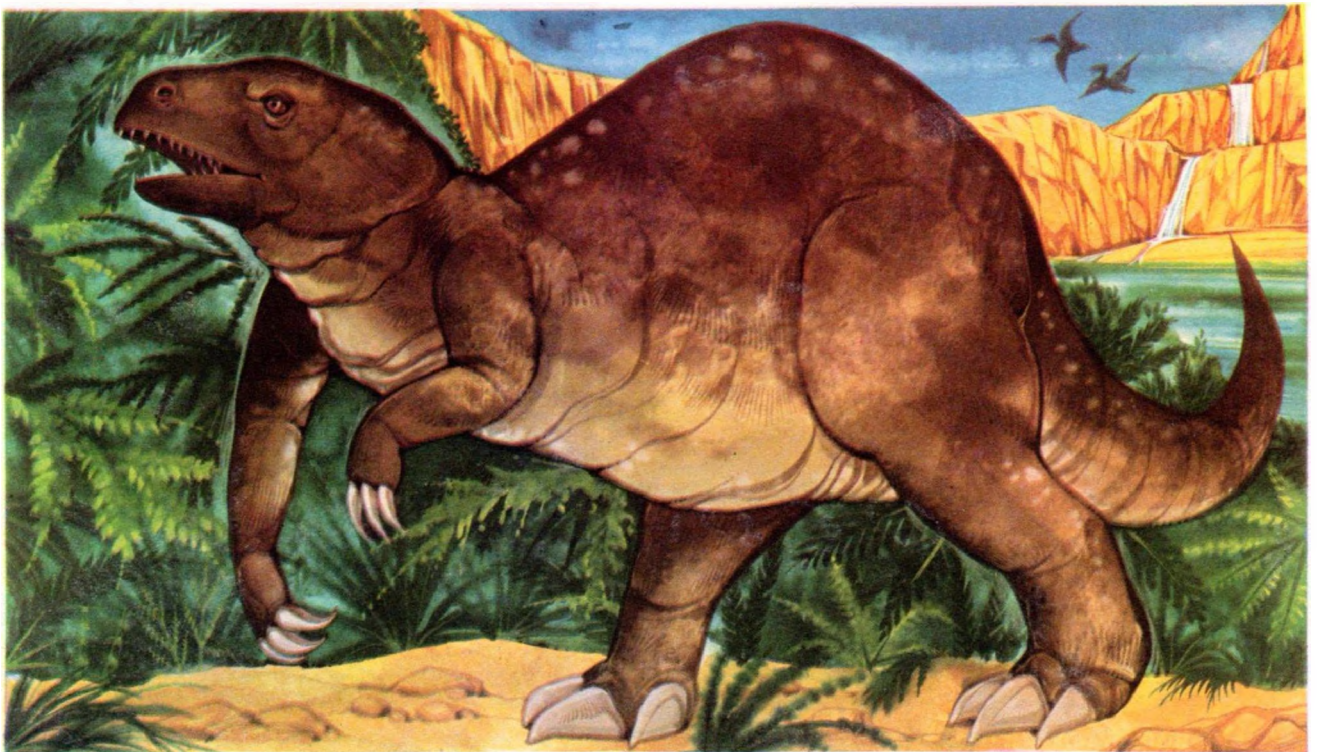
39. The dwarf shook his little fists and he danced and danced with rage until, suddenly, he completely disappeared. Never was he ever seen again and Anna and the king and their baby son lived happy ever after.



# JOIN THE DOTS



Find dot number one and draw a line joining it to dot number two. Then join dot two to dot three, and so on until you reach dot number 57. You will then have drawn the prehistoric creature which you see below.



Many millions of years ago great creatures like this roamed the earth. We know them as "dinosaurs". There were many different kinds of dinosaurs and the one in the picture is an Ornithomimus. It was less fierce than most of the other dinosaurs and was able to run from them on its unusual legs, which were rather like the legs of some gigantic bird.



# The Squire's Son



**N**OW Squire Meadows should have been a happy man, for he had a prosperous farm, a fine house with many servants and all the money he was ever likely to need. But all of this meant little to him for he was lonely. His wife had died many years before and John, his only child, had been carried off by gipsies when he was only six years old.

The older he got the more Squire Meadows felt his loneliness, and hardly a day passed without him wondering whether he would ever see his son again.

"By this time he would be a man," he thought sadly. "And even if we met how would we recognise each other?"

In her cottage close to the Squire's land pretty Sally Tucker was also lonely. She was an orphan and made a humble living by selling the milk from Daisy, her cow.

But Sally still found time to feel sorry for Squire Meadows and wished that she could bring him happiness in some way.

As the years went by Squire Meadows took less and less interest in his land and at last he decided to hire a bailiff to look after it for him.

Many men were eager to be his bailiff but to the squire none of them seemed to be the man he wanted.

Then one day a stranger came from a distant part of the country. He called himself Jack, and as soon as the squire saw him he felt certain that Jack was the man for him.

So Jack became Squire Meadows' bailiff and a very good bailiff he proved to be.







Under his care the Squire's farm-lands became more flourishing than ever and the Squire began to look upon him almost as a son.

"If only he really were my son", the Squire thought to himself. "What a happy man I should be."

In truth, Jack did not know who his parents were. All his life he had wandered around the countryside working here and working there. But never before had he been as content as he was now.

And that was the way things were until one Sunday morning when Jack decided to walk over the hill to the hamlet of Little Brook.

The sun was shining, birds sang in trees, the perfume of wild flowers

filled the air and then, coming along the lane dressed in her Sunday best for church Jack saw a lovely girl.

"Sally!" Jack heard himself say. "Sally Tucker!"

"John!" the girl said. "John Meadowes!"

You see, Jack was really the Squire's long-lost son who had been stolen by the gipsies so many years ago.

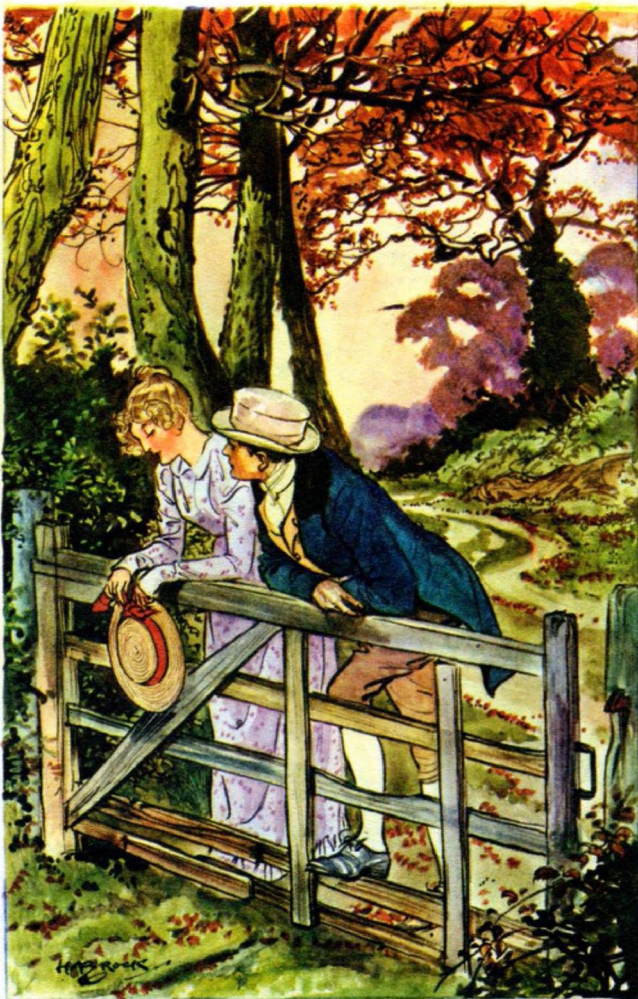
The Squire had not recognised him, but Sally had, and John had recognised her. This was because when they were both small children they had played together every day.

For an hour they leaned on the gate happily chatting about the time when they were young.

"Do you remember how we promised to marry when we grew up?" asked Sally shyly.

"Indeed I do!" smiled John. "And now that I have found you I am determined never to lose you again."

So Squire Meadowes got back his son, Sally was never lonely again, and after she and John were married it was hard to be sure which of the three of them was the happiest.



Here are the questions about the exciting story on Page 83. Try to answer the questions, then re-read the story to see if you have answered them correctly.

- A. What was the name of the racing car Danny drove?
- B. What colour was it?
- C. What was the name of Danny's friend?



## Two Dreams Come True



2. Now Jack was not really idle. He just loved to lie in bed and dream of the lovely girl he felt certain he was one day going to marry. Every night he dreamt of her and saw her face.



3. "Dreaming again? That'll get you nowhere!" cried Silas. Up Jack got, washed, dressed, sharpened his knife and soon he was off with his donkey. "Birch twigs for brooms," he called.







4. From the window of her fine house a pretty girl named Tess looked out and when she saw Jack she gave a gasp. "That boy selling birch twigs. Ask him in," she said.



5. "I've seen your face in my dreams for the past two years," Tess confessed to Jack. "And I've seen *your* face in *my* dreams!" cried Jack. "I'm certain we should marry."



6. That is what happened. And on the way to the church even Silas smiled. "It seems I was wrong," he said. "Jack's dreaming has made him happier than I've ever been."



H. B. ROSE











